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PERLYCROSS.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEEDFUL RETURNS.

Now it happened that none of these people, thus rejoicing in the liberty of the subject, had heard of the very sad state of things, mainly caused by their own acts, now prevailing at Old Barn. Tremlett knew that he had struck a vicious blow at the head of a man who had grappled him; but he thought he had missed it and struck something else, a bag, or a hat, or he knew not what, in the pell-mell scuffle and the darkness. His turn of mind did not incline him to be by any means particular as to his conduct in a hot and hard personal encounter; but knowing his vast strength he generally abstained from the use of heavy weapons, while his temper was his own. But in this hot struggle he had met with a mutually shattering blow from a staff, as straight as need be upon his right-hand knuckles; and the pain from this, coupled with the wrath aroused at the access of volunteer enemies, had carried him, like the raging elements outside, out of all remembrance of the true sacredness of humanity. He struck out, with a sense of not doing the right thing which is always strengthened afterwards; and his better stars being ablink in the gale, and the other

man's gone into the milky way, he hit him too hard; which is a not uncommon error.

Many might have reasoned (and before all others, Harvey Tremlett's wife, if still within this world of reason, and a bad job it was for him that she was now outside it), that nothing could be nobler than the behaviour of this champion wrestler, taking people as we find them; and how else can we get the time to take them? But, without going into such sweet logic of affinity and rhetoric of friends (whose minds have been made up in front of it), there was this crushing fact to meet, that an innocent man's better arm was in a smash.

No milder word, however medical, is fit to apply to Frank Gilham's poor fore-arm. They might call it the *ulna* (for a bit of Latin is a solace to the man who feels the pain in a brother Christian's member), and they might enter nobly into fine nerves of anatomy; but the one-sided difficulty still was there; they had got to talk about it; he had got to bear it. Not that he made any coward outcry of it. A truer test of manliness (as has been often said by those who have been through either trial), truer than the rush of blood and reckless dash of battle, is the calm, open-eyed, and firm-fibred endurance of long,

ever-grinding, never-graduating pain; the pain that has no pang or paroxysm, no generosity to make one cry out "Well done!" to it, and be thankful to the Lord that it must have done its worst; but a fluid that keeps up a slow boil by day and night, and never lifts the pot-lid, and never whirls about, but keeps up a steady stew of flesh and bone and marrow.

"I fear there is nothing for it but to have it off," Dr. Gronow said upon the third day of this frightful anguish. He had scarcely left the patient for an hour at a time; and if he had done harsh things in his better days, no one would believe it of him who could see him now. "It was my advice at first, you know; but you would not have it, Jemmy. You are more of a surgeon than I am; but I doubt whether you should risk his life like this."

"I am still in hopes of saving it; but you see how little I can do," replied Fox, whose voice was very low, for he was suffering still from that terrible concussion, and but for the urgency of Gilham's case he would now have been doctoring the one who pays the worst for it. "If I had my proper touch and strength of nerve, I never should have let it come to this. There is a vile bit of splinter that won't come in, and I am not firm enough to make it. I wish I had left it to you, as you offered. After all, you know much more than we do."

"No, my dear boy; it is your special line. Such a case as Lady Waldron's I might be more at home with. I should have had the arm off long ago. But the mother—the mother is such a piteous creature! What has become of all my nerve? I am quite convinced that fly-fishing makes a man too gentle. I cannot stand half the things I once thought nothing of. By the by, couldn't you counteract her? You know the old proverb—

'One woman rules the men;
Two makes them think again.'

It would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't see exactly what you mean," answered Jemmy, who had lost nearly all of his sprightliness.

"Plainer than a pikestaff. Send for your sister. You owe it to yourself, and to her, and most of all to the man who has placed his life in peril to save yours. It is not a time to be too finical."

"I have thought of it once or twice. She would be of the greatest service now. But I don't much like to ask her. Most likely she would refuse to come, after the way in which I packed her off."

"My dear young friend," said Dr. Gronow, looking at him steadfastly, "if that is all you have to say, you don't deserve a wife at all worthy of the name. In the first place, you won't sink your own little pride; and in the next, you have no idea what a woman is."

"Young Farrant is the most obliging fellow in the world," replied Fox, after thinking for a minute. "I will put him on my young mare Perle, who knows the way; and he'll be at Foxden before dark. If Chris likes to come, she can be here well enough by twelve or one o'clock to-morrow."

"Like, or no like, I'll answer for her coming; and I'll answer for her not being very long about it," said the older doctor; and on both points he was right.

Christie was not like herself when she arrived, but pale and timid and trembling. Her brother had not mentioned Frank in his letter, doubting the turn she might take about it, and preferring that she should come to see to himself, which was her foremost duty. But young Mr. Farrant, the churchwarden's son and pretty Minnie's brother, had no embargo laid upon his tongue; and had there been fifty, what could they have availed to debar such a clever young lady? She had cried herself to sleep when she knew all, and dreamed it a thousand time worse than it was.

Now she stood in the porch of the Old Barn, striving, and sternly determined to show herself rational, true to relationship, sisterly, and no more. But her white lips, quick breath, and quivering eyelids, were not altogether consistent with that. Instead of amazement, when Mrs. Gilham came to meet her and no Jemmy, she did not even feign to be surprised, but fell into the bell-sleeves (which were fine things for embracing) and let the deep throbs of her heart disclose a tale that is better felt than told.

"My dearie," said the mother, as she laid the damask cheek against the wrinkled one, and stroked the bright hair with the palm of her hand, "don't 'e give way, that's a darling child. It will all be so different now you are come. It was what I was longing for, day and night, but could not bring myself to ask. And I felt so sure in my heart, my dear, how sorry you would be for him."

"I should think so: I can't tell you; and all done for Jemmy, who was so ungrateful! My brother would be dead if your son was like him. There has never been anything half so noble in all the history of the world."

"My dear, you say that because you think well of our Frankie; I have not called him that since Tuesday now. But you do think well of him, don't you now?"

"Don't talk to me of thinking well, indeed! I never can endure those weak expressions. When I like people, I do like them."

"My dear, it reminds me quite of our own country to hear you speak out so hearty. None of them do it up your way much, according to what I hear of them. I feel it so kind of you to like Frank Gilham."

"Well! Am I never to be understood? Is there no meaning in the English language? I don't like him only; but with all my heart I love him."

"He won't care if doctors cut his arm off now, if he hath one left to go

round you." The mother sobbed a little, with second fiddle in full view; but being still a mother, wiped her eyes and smiled with content at the inevitable thing.

"One thing remember," said the girl, with a coaxing domestic smile, and yet a lot of sparkle in her eyes; "if you ever tell him what you twisted out of me, in a manner which I may call,—well, too circumstantial—I am afraid that I never should forgive you. I am awfully proud, and I can be tremendous. Perhaps he would not even care to hear it. And then what would become of me? Can you tell me that?"

"My dear, you know better. You know, as well as I do, that ever since he saw you he has thought of nothing else. It has made me feel ashamed that I should have a son capable of throwing over all the world beside——"

"But don't you see, that is the very thing I like? Noble as he is, if it were not for that, I—well, I won't go into it; but you ought to understand. He can't think half so much of me as I do of him."

"Then there is a pair of you; and the Lord has made you so. But never fear, my pretty. Not a whisper shall he have. You shall tell him all about it with your own sweet lips."

"As if I could do that, indeed! Why, Mrs. Gilham, was that what you used to do when you were young? I thought people were ever so much more particular in those days."

"I can hardly tell, my dear. Sometimes I quite forget, because it seems so long ago; and at other times I'm not fit to describe it, because I am doing it over again. But for pretty behaviour and nice ways, nice people have them in every generation; and you may take place with the best of them. But we are talking as if nothing was the matter. And you have never asked even how we are going on!"

"Because I know all about it from the best authority. Coming up the

hill we met Dr. Gronow, and I stopped the chaise to have a talk with him. He does not think the arm will ever be much good again; but he leaves it to younger men to be certain about anything; that was meant for Jemmy, I suppose. He would rather have the pain, than not, he says; meaning of course in the patient, not himself. It shows healthy action, though I can't see how, and just the proper quantity of inflammation, which I should have thought couldn't be too little. He has come round to Jemmy's opinion this morning, that if one something or other can be got to stay in its place and not do something or other, the poor arm may be saved after all, though never as strong as it was before. He says it must have been a frightful blow. I hope that man will be punished for it heavily."

"I hope so too, with all my heart, though I am not revengeful. Mr. Penniloe was up here yesterday, and he tried to make the best of it. I was so vexed that I told him he would not be quite such a Christian about it, perhaps, if he had the pain in his own arm. But he has made the man promise to give himself up, if your brother, or my son, require it. I was for putting him in gaol at once, but the others think it better to wait a bit. But as for his promise, I wouldn't give much for that. However, men manage those things, and not women. Did the doctor say whether you might see my Frankie?"

"He said I might see Jemmy, though Jemmy is very queer. As for Frank, if I saw him through a chink in the wall that would be quite enough; but he must not see me, unless it was with a telescope through a two-inch door. That annoyed me rather. As if we were such babies! But he said that you were a most sensible woman, and that was the advice you gave him."

"What a story! Oh, my dear, never marry a doctor, though I hope you will never have the chance; but they really don't seem to care what

they say. It was just the same in my dear husband's time. Dr. Gronow said to me: 'If she comes when I am out, don't let her go near either of them. She might do a lot of mischief. She might get up an argument, or something.' And so I said——"

"Oh, Mrs. Gilham, that is a great deal worse than telling almost any story. An argument! Do I ever argue? I had better have stayed away, if that is the way they think of me. A telescope, and a two-inch door, and not be allowed perhaps to open my mouth! There is something exceedingly unjust in the opinions men entertain of women."

"Not my Frank, my dear. That is where he differs from all the other young men in the world. He has the most correct and yet exalted views; such as poets had, when there were any. If you could only hear him going on about you, before he got that wicked knock, I mean, of course,—his opinions not only of your hair and face, nor even your eyes, though all perfectly true, but your mind, and your intellect, and disposition, and power of perceiving what people are, and then your conversation—almost too good for us, because of want of exercise—and then, well I really forget what came next."

"Oh, Mrs. Gilham, it is all so absurd! How could he talk such nonsense! I don't like to hear of such things; and I cannot believe there could be anything to come next."

"Oh, yes, there was, my dear, now you remind me of it. It was about the small size of your ears, and the lovely curves inside them. He had found out in some ancient work (for I believe he could hold his own in Greek and Latin even with Mr. Penniloe) that a well-shaped ear is one of the rarest of all feminine perfections. That made him think no doubt of yours, for men are quite babies when they are in love; and he found yours according to the highest standard. Men seem to make all those rules

about us simply according to their own ideas. What rules do we ever make about them?"

"I am so glad that you look at things in that way," Christie answered, with her fingers going slyly up her hair, to let her ears know what was thought of them; "because I was afraid that you were too much,—well, perhaps that thinking so much of your son, you might look at things one-sidedly. And yet I might have known from your unusual common sense—but I do believe Dr. Gronow is coming back; and I have not even got my cloak off! Wait a bit till things come round a little. A telescope and a two-inch door! One had better go about in a coal-sack and curl-papers. Not that I ever want such things,—curves enough in my ears perhaps. But really I must make myself a little decent. They have taken my things up to my old room, I suppose. Try to keep him here till I come back. He says that I get up arguments; let me get up one with him."

"My orders are as stern as they are sensible," Dr. Gronow declared, when she had returned, beautifully dressed and charming, and had thus attacked him with even more of blandishment than argument. "Your brother you may see, but not to talk much at one time to him; for his head is in a peculiar state, and he does much more than he ought to do. He insists upon doing everything, which means perpetual attention to his friend. But he does it all as if by instinct, apparently without knowing it; and that he should do it all to perfection is a very noble proof of the thoroughness of his grounding. The old school, the old school of training—there is nothing like it after all. Any mere sciolist, any empiric, any smatterer of the new medical course—and where would Frank Gilham's arm be now? Not in a state of lenitive pain, sanative, and in some degree encouraging, but in a condition of incipient mortification. For this is a

case of compound comminuted fracture; so severe that my own conviction was,—however no more of that to you two ladies. Only feel assured that no more could be done for the patient in the best hospital in London. And talking of upstart schools indeed, and new-fangled education, have you heard what the boys have done at Perlycross? I heard the noise up stairs, and I was obliged to shut the window, although it is such a soft spring day. I was going down the hill to stop it when I met Miss Fox. It is one of the most extraordinary jokes I ever knew."

"Oh, do tell us! We have not heard a word about it. But I am beginning to think that this is not at all a common place. I am never surprised at anything that happens at Perlycross." This was not a loyal speech on the part of the fair Christie.

"From what I have heard of that Moral-Force-man," Mrs. Gilham remarked, with slow shake of her head, "I fear that his system would work better in a future existence than as we are now. From what my son told me, before his accident, I foresaw that it must lead up to something quite outrageous. Nothing ever answers long that goes against all the wisdom of our ancestors."

"Excuse me for a minute; I must first see how things are going on up stairs. As soon as I am at liberty, I will tell you what I saw. Though I like the march of intellect, when discipline is over it."

Dr. Gronow, who was smiling, which he seldom was except after whirling out a two-ounce trout, went gently up stairs, and returned in a few minutes, and sat down to tell his little tale.

"Everything there is going on as well as can be. Your brother is delighted to hear that you are come; but the other patient must not hear a word about it yet; we don't want any rapid action of the heart. Well, what the young scamps have done is just this. The new schoolmaster has

abolished canes, you know, and birches, and every kind of physical compulsion. He exclaims against coercion, and pronounces that boys are to be guided by their hearts, instead of being governed by their—pardon me, a word not acknowledged in the language of these loftier days. This gentleman seems to have abolished the old system of the puerile body and mind, without putting anything of cogency in its place. He has introduced novelties, very excellent no doubt, if the boys would only take to them with intellects as lofty as his own. But that is the very thing the boys won't do. I am a Liberal, so far as feelings go when not overpowered by the judgment; but I must acknowledge that the best extremes of life, the boyhood made of nature and the age made of experience, are equally staunch in their Toryism. But this man's great word is, Reform. As long as the boys thought it meant their benches, and expected to have soft cushions on them, they were highly pleased, and looked forward to this tribute to a part which had hitherto been anything but sacred. Their mothers too encouraged it, on account of wear and tear; but their fathers could not see why they should sit softer at their books than they had to do at their trenchers. But yesterday unluckily the whole of it came out. There arrived a great package by old Hill the carrier, who has had his van mended that was blown over, and out rushed the boys, without asking any leave, to bring in their comfortable cushions. All they found was a great black-board swinging on a pillar, with a socket at the back, and a staple and chain to adjust it. Toogood expected them to be in raptures, but instead of that they all went into sulks; and the little fellows would not look at it, having heard of black magic and witchcraft. Toogood called it a 'Demonstration-table for the exhibition of object-lessons.' Mr. Penniloe, as you may suppose, had long been annoyed and unhappy about the new man's doings, but he is

not supreme in the week-day school as he is on Sunday; and he tried to make the best of it till the right man should come home. And I cannot believe that he went away on purpose to-day, in order to let them have it out; but the boys found out that he was going, and there is nobody else they care twopence for. Everybody says, except their mothers, that they must have put their heads together over-night, or how could they have acted with such unity and precision? Not only in design but in execution the accomplished tactician stands confessed. Instead of attacking the enemy at once, when many might have hastened to his rescue, they deferred operations until to-day, and even then waited for the proper moment. They allowed him to exhaust all the best of his breath in his usual frothy oration, for like most of such men he can spout for ever, and finds it much easier than careful teaching. Then as he leaned back, with pantings in his chest and eyes turned up at his own eloquence, two of the biggest boys flung a piece of clothes-line round his arms from behind and knotted it, while another slipped under the desk and buckled his ankles together with a satchel-strap, before he knew what he was doing. Then as he began to shout and bellow, scarcely yet believing it, they with much panting and blowing, protrusion of tongues, and grunts of exertion, some working at his legs, and some shouldering at his loins, and others hauling on the clothes-line, but all with perfect harmony of action, fetched their preceptor to the Demonstration-board, and laying him with his back flat against it, strapped his feet to the pedestal; then pulling out the staple till the board was perpendicular, they secured his coat-collar to the shaft above it; and there he was, as upright as need be, but without the power to move, except at his own momentous peril. Then to make quite sure of him, a clever little fellow got upon a stool and drew back his hair, bright red and worn long like a woman's,

and tied it with a book-tape behind the pillar. You may imagine how the poor preceptor looks. Any effort of his to release himself will crush him beneath the great Demonstration, like a mouse in a figure-of-four trap."

"But are we to believe, Dr. Gronow," asked Christie, "that you came away, and left the poor man in that helpless state?"

"Undoubtedly I did. It is no concern of mine; and the boys had only just got their pea-shooters; he has not had half enough to cure him yet. Besides, they had my promise; for the boys have got the keys and are charging a penny for a view of this Reformer; but they won't let any one in without a promise of strict neutrality. I gave a shilling, for I am sure they have deserved it. Somebody will be sure to cast him loose in plenty of time for his own good. This will be of the greatest service to him, and cure him for a long time of big words."

"But suppose he falls forward upon his face, and the board falls upon him and suffocates him? Why, it would be the death of Mr. Penniloe. You are wanted here of course, Dr. Gronow; but I shall put my bonnet on, and rush down the hill to the release of the Higher Education."

"Don't rush too fast, Miss Fox. There's a tree blown down across the lane, after you turn out of the one you came by. We ought to have had it cleared, but they say it will take a fortnight to make some of the main roads passable again. I would not go, if I were you. Somebody will have set him free before you get there. I'll go out and listen; with the wind in the north, we can hear their hurrahing quite plainly at the gate. You can come with me, if you like."

"Oh, it is no hurrahing, Dr. Gronow! How can you deceive me so! It is a very sad sound indeed," said Christie, as they stood at the gate, and she held her pretty palms like funnels for her much admired ears. "It sounds like a heap of boys weep-

ing and wailing. I fear that something sadly vindictive has been done. One never can have a bit of triumph without that."

She scarcely knew the full truth of her own words. It was indeed an epoch of Nemesis. This fourth generation of boys in that village are beginning to be told of it, on knees that shake with time as well as memory. And thus it befell.

"What, lock me out of my own school-door! Can't come in without I pay a penny! May do in Spain, but won't do here."

A strong foot was thrust into the double of the door, a rattle of the handle ran up the lock and timber, and conscience made a coward of the boy that took the pennies. An Odic Force, as the present quaky period calls it, permeated doubtless from the master-hand. Back went the boy, and across him strode a man, rather tall, wiry, stern of aspect, bristling with a stiff moustache, hatted with a vast sombrero. At a glance he had the whole situation in his eye and in his heart, and, worst of all, in his strong arm. He flung off a martial cloak that might have cumbered action, stood at the end of the long desk, squared his shoulders and eyebrows, and shouted—"Boys, here's a noise!"

As this famous battle-cry rang through the room, every mother's darling knew what was coming. Consternation is too weak a word. Grinning mouths fell into graves of terror, castaway pea-shooters quivered on the floor, fat legs rattled in their boots, and flew about helter-skelter, anywhere, to save their dear foundations. Vain it was; no vanishing point could be discovered. Wisdom was come to be justified of her children.

The schoolmaster of the ancient school marched with a grim smile to the door, locked it, and pocketed the key. Three little fellows, untaught as yet the expediency of letting well alone, had taken the bunch of keys, and brought forth, and were riding disdainfully the three canes dormant

under the new dispensation. "Bring me those implements," said Sergeant Jakes, "perhaps they may do to begin with." He arranged them lovingly, and then spoke wisely. "My dear young friends, it is very sad to find that while I have been in foreign parts, you have not been studying discipline. The gentleman whom you have treated thus will join me, I trust, by the time I have done, in maintaining that I do not bear the rod in vain. Any boy who crawls under a desk may rest assured that he will get it ten times worse."

Pity draws a mourning veil, though she keeps a place to peep through, when her highly respected cousin, Justice, is thus compelled to assert herself. Enough that very few indeed of the highly cultured boys of Perlycross found themselves in a position that day to enjoy their dinners as usual.

CHAPTER XL.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

Six weeks was the average time allowed for the voyage to and fro of the schooner *Montilla* (owned by Messrs. Besley of Exeter) from Topsham to Cadiz, or wherever it might be; and little uneasiness was ever felt if her absence extended to even three months. For Spaniards are not in the awkward habit of cracking whips at old Time when he is out at grass, much less of jumping at his forelock; and Iberian Time is nearly always out at grass. When a thing will not help to do itself to-day, who knows that it may not be in a kinder mood to-morrow? The spirit of worry, and unreasonable hurry, is a deadly blast to all serenity of mind and dignity of demeanour, and can be in harmony with nothing but bad weather. Thus the *Montilla's* period was a fluctuating numeral.

As yet English produce was of high repute, and the Continent had not been barbed-wired by ourselves against our merchandise. The Spaniards

happened to be in the vein for working, and thus on this winter trip the good trader's hold was quickly cleared of English solids, and refilled with Spanish fluids; and so the *Montilla* was ready for voyage homeward the very day her passenger rejoined. This pleased him well, for he was anxious to get back, though not at all aware of the urgent need arising. Luckily for him and for all on board, the schooner lost a day in getting out to sea, and thus ran into the rough fringes alone of the great storm that swept the English coast and Channel. In fact she made good weather across the Bay of Biscay, and ran into her berth at Topsham several days before she was counted due.

The sergeant's first duty was, of course, to report himself at Walderscourt; and this he had done before he made that auspicious re-entry upon his own domain. The ladies did not at all expect to see him for days or even for weeks to come, having heard nothing whatever of his doings; for the post beyond France was so uncertain then that he had received orders not to write.

When Jakes was shown into the room, Lady Waldron was sitting alone, and much agitated by a letter just received from Mr. Webber containing his opinion of all that had happened at Perlton on Wednesday. Feeling her unfitness for another trial, she sent for her daughter before permitting the envoy to relate his news. Then she strove to look calmly at him, and to maintain her cold dignity as of yore; but the power was no longer hers. Months of miserable suspense, perpetual brooding, and want of sleep had lowered the standard of her pride, and nothing but a burst of painful sobs saved her from a worse condition.

The sergeant stood hesitating by the door, feeling that he had no invitation to see this, and not presuming to offer comfort. But Miss Waldron, seeing the best thing to do, called him and bade him tell his news in brief.

"May it please your ladyship," the veteran began, staring deeply into his new Spanish hat, about which he had received some compliments; "all I have to tell your ladyship is for the honour of the family. Your ladyship's brother is as innocent as I be. He hath had nought to do with any wicked doings here. He hath not got his money, but he means to have it."

"Thank God!" cried Lady Waldron, but whether about the money, or the innocence, was not clear; and then she turned away to have things out with herself; and Jakes was sent into the next room, and sat down, thanking the crown of his hat that it covered the whole of his domestic interests.

When feminine excitement was in some degree spent, and the love of particulars (which can never long be quenched by any depth of tears) was reviving, Sergeant Jakes was well received, and told his adventures like a veteran. A young man is apt to tell things hotly, as if nothing had ever come to pass before; but a steady-goer knows that the sun was shining, and the rain was raining, ere he felt either.

It appears that the sergeant had a fine voyage out, and picked up a good deal of his lapsed Spanish lore from two worthy Spanish hands among the crew. Besley of Exeter did things well, as the manner of that city is; victuals were good, and the crew right loyal, as generally happens in that case. Captain Binstock stood in awe of his elder brother the butler, and never got out of his head its original belief that the sergeant was his brother's schoolmaster. Against that idea chronology strove hazily, and therefore vainly. The sergeant strode the deck with a stick he bought at Exeter, spoke of his experience in transports, regarded the masts as a pair of his own canes,—in a word was master of the ship whenever there was nothing to be done to her. A finer time he never had, for he was much too wiry to be sea-sick. All

the crew liked him, whether present or absent, and never laughed at him but in the latter case. He corrected their English when it did not suit his own, and thus created a new form of discipline. Most of this he recounted in his pungent manner without a word of self-laudation, and it would have been a treat to Christie Fox to hear him; but his present listeners were too anxious about the result to enjoy this part of it.

Then he went to the city to which he was despatched, and presented his letters to the few he could find entitled to receive them. The greater part were gone beyond the world of letters, for twenty-five years make a sad gap in the post. And of the three survivors, one alone cared to be troubled with the bygone days. But that one was a host in himself, a loyal retainer of the ancient family in the time of its grandeur, and now in possession of an office, as well as a nice farm on the hills, both of which he had obtained through their influence. He was delighted to hear once more of the beautiful lady he had formerly adored. He received the sergeant as his guest, and told him all that was known of the present state of things concerning the young Count, as he still called him, and all that was likely to come of it.

It was true that the Count had urged his claim, and brought evidence in support of it; but at present there seemed to be very little chance of his getting the money for years to come, even if he should do so in the end; and for that he must display, as they said, fresh powers of survivorship. He had been advised to make an offer of release and quit-claim, upon receipt of the sum originally advanced without any interest; but he had answered sternly, "Either I will have all, or none." The amount was so large, that he could not expect to receive the whole immediately, and he was ready to accept it by instalments; but the authorities would not pay a penny, nor attempt an arrangement

with him, for fear of admitting their liability. In a very brief and candid, but by no means honest manner, they refused to be bound at all by the action of their fathers. When that was of no avail, because the city-tolls were in the bond, they began to call for proof of this, and proof of that, and set up every possible legal obstacle, hoping to exhaust the claimant's sadly dwindled revenues. Above all, they maintained that two of the lives in the assurance deed were still subsisting, although their lapse was admitted in their own minutes and registered in the record. And it was believed that in this behalf they were having recourse to personation.

That scandalous pretext must be demolished before it could become of prime moment to the Count to prove the decease of his brother-in-law; and certain it was that no such dramatic incident had occurred in the city, as that which her ladyship had witnessed by means of her imagination. With a long fight before him, and very scanty sinews of war to maintain it, the claimant had betaken himself to Madrid, where he had powerful friends and might consult the best legal advisers. But his prospects were not encouraging; for unless he could deposit a good round sum, for expenses of process and long inquiry and even counter-bribing, no one was likely to take up his case, so strong and so tough were the forces in possession. Rash friends went so far as to recommend him to take the bull by the horns at once, to lay forcible hands upon the city-tolls without any order from a law-court, for the deed was so drastic that this power was conferred; but he saw that to do this would simply be to play into the hands of the enemy. For thus he would probably find himself outlawed, or perhaps cast into prison, with the lapse of his own life imminent; for the family of the Barcas were no longer supreme in the land as they used to be.

"Ungrateful thieves! Vile pigs of burghers!" Lady Waldron exclaimed

with just indignation. "My grandfather would have strung them up with straw in their noses, and set them on fire. They sneer at the family of Barca, do they? It shall trample them under-foot. My poor brother shall have my last penny to punish them, for that I have wronged him in my heart. Ours is a noble race, and most candid; we never deign to stoop ourselves to mistrust or suspicion. I trust, Master Sergeant, you have not spoken so to the worthy and loyal Diego, that my brother may ever hear of the thoughts introduced into my mind concerning him?"

"No, my lady, not a word. Everything I did, or said, was friendly, straightforward, and favourable to the honour of the family."

"You are a brave man; you are a faithful soldier. Forget that by the force of circumstances I was compelled to have such opinions. But can you recite to me the names of the two persons whose lives they have replenished?"

"Yes, my lady. Señor Diego wrote them down in this book on purpose. He thought that your ladyship might know something of them."

"For one I have knowledge of everything, but the other I do not know," Lady Waldron said, after reading the names. "This poor Señorita was one of my bridesmaids, known to me from my childhood. La Giralda was her name of intimacy, what you call her nickname, by reason of her stature. Her death I can prove too well, and expose any imitation. But the Spanish nation—you like them much? You find them gentle, brave, amiable, sober, not as the English are, generous, patriotic, honourable?"

"Quite as noble and good, my lady, as we found them five-and-twenty years ago. And I hope that the noble Count will get his money. A bargain is a bargain, as we say here. And if they are so honourable——"

"Ah, that is quite a different thing. Inez, I must leave you; I desire some time to think. My mind is very much

relieved of one part, although of another still more distressed. I request you to see to the good refreshment of this honourable and faithful soldier."

Lady Waldron acknowledged the sergeant's low bow with a kind inclination of her Andalusian head (which is something in the head-way among the foremost), and left the room with a lighter step than her heart had allowed her for many a week.

"This will never do, Sergeant; this won't do at all," said Miss Waldron coming up to him, as soon as she had shut the door behind her lofty mother. "I know by your countenance, and the way you were standing, and the side-way you sit down again, that you have not told us everything. That is not the right way to go on, Sergeant Jakes."

"Miss Nicie!" cried Jakes, with a forlorn hope of frightening her, for she had sat upon his knee many a time ten or twelve years ago, craving stories of good boys and bad boys. But now the eyes which he used to fill with any emotion he chose to call for could produce that effect upon his own.

"Can you think that I don't understand you?" said Nicie, never releasing him from her eyes. "What was the good of telling me all those stories, when I was a little thing, except for me to understand you? When anybody tells me a story that is true, it is no good for him to try anything else. I get so accustomed to his way that I catch him out in a moment."

"But my dear, my dear Miss Nicie," the sergeant looked all about, as in a large appeal, instead of a steady gaze, "if I have told you a single word that is not as true as gospel may I—"

"Now don't be profane, Sergeant Jakes. That was the custom of the war-time. And don't be crooked, which is even worse. I never called in question any one thing you have said. All I know is that you have stopped short. You used to do just the same with me when things I was

too young to hear came in. You are easier to read than one of your own copies. What have you kept in the background, you unfaithful soldier?"

"Oh, miss, how you do remind me of the Colonel! Not that he ever looked half as fierce. But he used to say, 'Jakes, what a deep rogue you are!' meaning how deeply he could trust me against all his enemies. But, miss, I have given my word about this."

"Then take it back, as some people do their presents. What is the good of being a deep rogue if you can't be a shallow one? I should hope you would rather be a rogue to other people than to me. I will never speak to you again, unless you show now that you can trust me as my dear father used to trust in you. No secrets from me, if you please."

"Well, miss, it was for your sake more than anybody else's. But you must promise, honour bright, not to let her ladyship know of it, for it might be the death of her. It took me by surprise, and it hath almost knocked me over, for I never could have thought there was more troubles coming. But who do you think I ran up against to Exeter?"

"How can I tell! Don't keep me waiting. That kind of riddle is so hateful always."

"Master Tom, Miss Nicie! Your brother, Master Tom! 'Sir Thomas Waldron' his proper name is now. You know they have got a new oil they call *gas*, to light the public places of the big towns with, and it makes everything as bright as day, and brighter than some of the days we get now. Well, I was intending to come on last night by the Bristol mail and wait about till you was up; and as I was standing with my knapsack on my shoulder to see her come in from Plymouth, in she comes, and a tall young man dressed all in black gets down slowly from the roof, and stands looking about very queerly.

"'Bain't you going no further, sir?' says the guard to him very civil,

as he locked the bags in. 'Only allows us three minutes and a half,'—for the young man seemed as if he did not care what time it was.

"'No. I can't go home,' says he, as if nothing mattered to him. I was handing up my things, to get up myself, when the tone of his voice took me all of a heap.

"'What, Master Tom!' says I, going up to him.

"'Who are you?' says he. 'Master Tom, indeed!' For I had this queer sort of hat on and cloak, like a blessed foreigner.

"Well, when I told him who I was, he did not seem at all as he used to be, but as if I had done him a great injury; and as for his luggage, it would have gone on with the coach if the guard had not called out about it.

"'Come in here,' he says to me, as if I was a dog, him that was always so well-spoken and polite! And he turned sharp into the Old London Inn, leaving all his luggage on the stones outside.

"'Private sitting-room and four candles!' he called out, marching up the stairs and making me a sign to follow him. Everybody seemed to know him there, and I told them to fetch his things in.

"'No fire; hot enough already. Put the candles down and go,' said he to the waiter, and then he locked the door and threw the key upon the table. It takes a good deal to frighten me, miss, but I assure you I was trembling; for I never saw such a pair of eyes—not furious, but so desperate; and I should have been but a baby in his hands, for he is bigger than even his father was. Then he pulled out a newspaper, and spread it among the candles. 'Now, you man of Perlycross,' he cried, 'you that teach the boys who are going to be grave-robbers,—is this true, or is it all a cursed lie?' Excuse me telling you, miss, exactly as he said it. 'The Lord in heaven help me, I think I shall go mad unless you can tell me it is all a wicked lie.' Up and down

the room he walked, as if the boards would sink under him; while I was at my wits' ends, as you may well suppose, miss.

"'I have never heard a word of any of this, Master Tom,' I said, as soon as I had read it; for it was all about something that came on at Perliton before the magistrates last Wednesday. 'I have been away in foreign parts.'

"Miss Nicie, he changed to me from that moment. I had not said a word about how long I was away, or anything whatever to deceive him. But he looked at my hat that was lying on a chair, and my cloak that was still on my back, as much as to say, 'I ought to have known it!' and then he said, 'Give me your hand, Old Jakes. I beg your pardon a thousand times. What a fool I must be to think you would ever have allowed it!'

"This put me in a very awkward hole, for I was bound to acknowledge that I had been here when the thing he was so wild about was done. But I let him go on, and have his raving out. For men are pretty much the same as boys, though expecting of their own way more, which I try to take out of the young ones. But a loud singing out, and a little bit of stamping, brings them into more sense of where they are.

"'I landed at Plymouth this morning,' he said, 'after getting a letter, which had been I don't know where, to tell me that my dear father, the best man that ever lived, was dead. I got leave immediately, and came home to comfort my mother and sister, and to attend to all that was needful. I went into the coffee-room, before the coach was ready, and taking up the papers, I find this! They talk of it as if it was a thing well known, a case of great interest in the county; a *mystery* they call it, a very lively thing to talk about—*The great Perlycross Mystery*, in big letters, cried at every corner, made a fine joke of in every dirty pot-house. It seems to have been going on for months. Per-

haps it has killed my mother and my sister. It would soon kill me if I were there and could do nothing.'

"Here I found a sort of opening, for the tears rolled down his face as he thought of you, Miss Nicie, and your dear mamma; and the rage in his heart seemed to turn into grief, and he sat down in one of the trumpery chairs that they make nowadays, and it sprawled and squeaked under him, being such an uncommon fine young man in trouble. So I went up to him, and stood before him, and lifted his hands from his face, as I had done many's the time, when he was a little fellow, and broke his nose perhaps in his bravery. And then he looked up at me quite mild, and said, 'I believe I am a brute, Jakes; but isn't this enough to make me one?'

"I stayed with him all night, miss; for he would not go to bed, and he wouldn't have nothing for to eat or drink, and I was afraid to leave him so. But I got him at last to smoke a bit of my tobacco; and that seemed to make him look at things a little better. I told him all I knew, and what I had been to Spain for, and how you and her ladyship were trying bravely to bear the terrible will of the Lord; and then I coaxed him all I could to come along of me and help you to bear it. But he said, I might take him for a coward, if I chose; but come to Walderscourt he wouldn't, and face his own mother and sister he couldn't, until he had cleared off this terrible disgrace."

"He is frightfully obstinate, he always was," said Nicie, who had listened to his tale with streaming eyes; "but it would be such a comfort to us both to have him here. What has become of him? Where is he now?"

"That is the very thing I dare not tell you, miss, because he made me swear to keep it to myself. By good rights I ought to have told you nothing, but you managed so to work it out of me. I would not come away from him till I knew where he would

be, because he was in such a state of mind. But I softened him down a good bit, I believe; and he might take a turn, if you were to write, imploring of him. I will take care that he gets it, for he made me promise to write, and let him know exactly how I found things here after being away so long. But he is that bitter against this place that it will take a deal to bring him here. You must work on his love for his mother, Miss Nicie, and his pity for both of you. That is the only thing that touches him. And say that it is no fault of Perlycross, but strangers altogether."

"You shall have my letter before the postman comes, so that you may send it with your own. What a good friend you have been to us, dear Jakes! My mother's heart would break at last, if she knew that Tom was in England and would not come first of all to her. I can scarcely understand it; to me it seems so unnatural."

"Well, miss, you never can tell by yourself how other people will take things, not even your own brother. And I think he will soon come round, Miss Nicie. According to my opinion, it was the first shock of the thing, and the way he got it, that drove him out of his mind a'most. Maybe he judges you by himself, and fancies it would only make you worse to see him with this disgrace upon him. For that's what he can't get out of his head; and it would be a terrible meeting for my lady, with all the pride she hath in her. I reckon 'tis the Spanish blood that does it, Englishman as he is all over. But never fear, Miss Nicie; we'll fetch him here, between the two of us, afore we are much older. He hath always been loving in his nature; and love will drive the anger out."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

HARVEY TREMLETT kept his promise not to leave the neighbourhood until

the result of the grievous injury done to Frank Gilham should be known. Another warrant against him might be issued for that fierce assault, and he had made up his mind to stand a trial, whatever the issue might be. What he feared most, and would have fled from, was a charge of running contraband goods, which might have destroyed a thriving trade and sent him and his colleagues across the seas. Rough and savage as he became (when his violent temper was provoked) and scornful of home life and quiet labour, these, and other far from exemplary traits, were mainly the result of his roving habits, and the coarse and lawless company into which he had ever fallen. And it tended little to his edification that he exercised lordship over them, in virtue of superior strength.

But his nature was rather wild than brutal; in its depths were sparks and flashes of manly generosity, and even warmth of true affection for the few who had been kind to him, if they took him the right way of his stubborn grain. He loved his only daughter Zip, although ashamed of showing it; and he was very proud of his lineage and the ancient name of Tremlett. Thus Mr. Penniloe had taken unawares the straightest road to his good will by adopting the waif as an inmate of his house, and treating her, not as a servant, but as a child. That Zip should be a lady, as the daughters of that Norman race had been for generations, was the main ambition of her father's life. He had seen no possibility of it; and here was almost a surety of it, unless she herself threw away the chance.

Rather a pretty scene was toward for those who are fond of humanity, at the ruined Tremlett mill on the morning of Saint David's day. Harvey had taken to this retreat, and a very lonely home it was, for sundry good reasons of his own; the most important of which was not entrusted even to his daughter, or to the revered and beloved parson. This was to prepare

a refuge and a storehouse for Free-trade, more convenient, better placed, larger, and much safer than the now notorious fastness of Blackmarsh. Here were old buildings and mazy webs of wandering; soft cliff was handy, dark wood and rushing waters, tangled lanes, furzy corners, nooks of overhanging, depths of in and out fantiques of nature, when she does not wish man to know everything about her. The solid firm, directed by Timber-legged Dick, were prepared to pay a fine price, as for a paper-mill, for this last feudal tenure of the Tremlett race.

But the last male member of that much discounted stock (or at any rate the last now producible in court without criminal procedure) had refused to consider the most liberal offers, even of a fine run of Free-trade, all to himself, as still it is, for the alienation in fee-simple of this last sod of hereditament. For good consideration he would grant a lease, which Blickson might prepare for them; but he would be—something the nadir of benediction—if he didn't knock down any man who would try to make him rob his daughter. The league of Free-traders came into his fine feelings, and took the mills and premises on a good elastic lease. But the landlord must put them into suitable condition.

This he was doing now with technical experience, endeavouring at the same time to discharge some little of his new parental duties. Jem Kettel found it very hard that though allowed to work he was not encouraged (as he used to be) to participate in the higher moments. "You clear out, when my darter cometh. You be no fit company for she." Jem could not see it, for he knew how good he was. But the big man had taken a much larger turn. He was not going to alter his own course of life. That was quite good enough for him; and really in those days people heard so much of "Reform, Reform," dinged for ever in their ears, that any one

at all inclined to think for himself had a tendency towards backsliding. None the less must he urge others to reform, as the manner has been of all ages.

Tremlett's present anxiety was to provide his daughter with good advice, and principles so exalted that there might be no further peril of her becoming like himself. From him she was to learn the value of proper pride and dignity, of behaving in her new position as if she had been born in it, of remembering distant forefathers, but forgetting her present father, at any rate as an example. To this end he made her study the great ancestral Bible, not the canonical books however, so much as the covers and fly-leaves, the wholly uninspired records of the Tremlett family. These she perused with eager eyes, thinking more highly of herself, and laying in large store of pride, a bitter stock to start with even when the course of youth is fair.

But whether for evil or for good, it was pleasant to see the rough man sitting, this first day of the spring-time, teaching his little daughter how sadly he and she had come down in the world. Zip had been spared from her regular lessons by way of a treat, to dine with her father before going, as was now arranged, to the care of a lady at Exeter. Jem Kettel had been obliged to dine upon inferior victuals, and at the less fashionable hour of 11 a.m.; for it was not to be known that he was there, lest attention should be drawn to the job they were about. Tremlett had washed himself very finely in honour of this great occasion, and donned a new red woollen jacket, following every curve and chunk of his bulky chest and rugged arms. He had finished his dinner, and was in good spirits, with money enough from his wrestling-prize to last him until the next good run, and a pipe of choice tobacco (such as could scarcely be got at Exeter) issuing soft rings of turquoise tint to the black oak beams above. The mill-

wheel was gone; but the murmur of the brook, and the tinkle of the trickle from the shattered trough, and the singing of birds in their love-time, came like the waving of a branch that sends the sunshine in.

The dark-haired child was in the window-seat, with her Sunday frock on, and her tresses ribboned back, and her knees wide apart to make a lap for the Bible upon which her great dark eyes were fixed. Puffs of the March wind now and then came in, where the lozenges of glass were gone, and lifted loose tussocks of her untrussed hair, and made the sunshine quiver on the worn planks of the floor. But the girl was used to breezes, and her heart was in her lesson.

"Hunderds of 'em, more than all the Kings and Queens of England!" she said, with her very clear voice trembling, and her pointed fingers making hop-scotch in and out the lines of genealogy. "What can Fay Penniloe show like that? But was any of 'em colonels, father?"

"Maight a' been, if 'em would a' comed down to it. But there wasn't no colonels in the old times, I've a' heered. Us was afore that sort of thing were found out."

"To be sure. I might have knowed. But was any of 'em Sirs, the same as Sir Thomas Waldron was?"

"Scores of 'em, when they chose to come down to it. But they kept that mostways for the younger boys among 'em. The father of the family was bound to be a Lord."

"Oh, father! Real Lords? And me to have never seed one! What hath become of the laws of the land? But why bain't you a real Lord, the same as they was?"

"Us never cared to keep it up," said the last of the visible Tremletts, after pondering over this difficult point. "You see, Zip, it's only the women cares about that. 'Tis no more to a man than the puff of this here pipe."

"But right is right, father. And

it soundeth fine. Was any of them Earls, and Marquises, and Dukes, and whatever it is that comes over that?"

"They was everything they cared to be—Barons and Counts and Dukes, spelled the same as Duck, and Holy Empires, and Holy Sepulchres. But do 'e, my dear, get my bacey box."

What summit of sovereignty they would have reached if the lecture had proceeded, no one knows; for as Zip, like a princess, was stepping in and out among the holes of the floor with her father's tin box, the old door shook with a sharp and heavy knock, and the child, with her face lit up by the glory of her birth, marched away to open it. This she accomplished with some trouble, for the timber was ponderous and rickety.

A tall young man strode in, as if the place belonged to him, and said, "I want to see Harvey Tremlett."

"Here be I. Who be you?" The wrestler sat where he was, and did not even nod his head; for his rule was always to take people just as they chose to take him. But the visitor cared little for his politeness or his rudeness.

"I am Sir Thomas Waldron's son. If I came in upon you rudely, I am sorry for it. It is not what I often do; but just now I am not a bit like myself."

"Sir, I could take my oath of that, for your father was a gen'leman. Zippy, dust a cheer, my dear."

"No, young lady, you shall not touch it," said the young man, with a long stride and a real bow to the comely child. "I am fitter to lift chairs than you are."

This pleased the father mightily; and he became quite gracious when the young Sir Thomas said to him, while glancing with manifest surprise at his quick and intelligent daughter, "Mr. Tremlett, I wish to speak to you of a matter too sad to be talked about in the presence of young ladies."

This was not said by way of flattery

or conciliation; for Zip, with her proud step and steadfast gaze, was of a very different type from that of the common cottage-lass. She was already at the door when her father said: "Go you down to the brook, my dear, and see how many nestesses you can find. Then come back and say good-bye to Daddy, afore go home to passonage. Must be back afore dark, you know."

"What a beautiful child!" Young Waldron had been looking with amazement at her. "I know what the Tremletts used to be, but I had no idea they could be like that. I never saw such eyes in all my life."

"Her be well enough," replied Tremlett shortly. "And now, sir, what is it as I can do for you? I knows zummat of the troubles on your mind; and if I can do 'e any good, I wull."

"Two things I want of you. First, your word of honour,—and I know what you Tremletts have been in better days—that you had nothing to do with that cursed and devilish crime in our churchyard."

"Sir," answered Tremlett, standing up for the first time in this interview, "I give you my oath by that book yonner that I knows nort about it. We be coom low, but us bain't zunk to that yet."

He met Sir Thomas Waldron eye to eye, and the young man took his plastered hand, and knew that it was not a liar's.

"Next I want your good advice," said the visitor sitting down by him; "and your help, if you will give it. I will not speak of money first, because I can see what you are. But to follow it up, there must be money. Shall I tell you what I shall be glad to do, without risk of offending you? Very well; I don't care a fig for money in a matter such as this. Money won't give you back your father, or your mother, or anybody, when they are gone away from you; but it may help you to do your duty to them. At present I have no money

to speak of, because I have been with my regiment, and there it goes away like smoke. But I can get any quantity almost by going to our lawyers. If you like, and will see to it, I will put a thousand pounds in your hands for you to be able to work things up; and another thousand if you make anything of it. Don't be angry with me. I don't want to bribe you. It is only for the sake of doing right. I have seen a great deal of the world. Can you ever get what is right without paying for it?"

"No, sir, you can't; and not always, if you do. But you be the right sort, and no mistake. Tell you what, Sir Thomas; I won't take a farden of your money, 'cos it would be a-robbin' of you. I han't got the brains for gooin' under other folk like. Generally they does that to me. But I know an uncommon sharp young fellow, Jemmy Kettel is his name. A chap as can goo and come fifty taines a'most, while I bea toornin' round wance; a' knoweth a'most every rogue for fifty maile around. And if you like to goo so far as a ten-pun' note upon him, I'll zee that a' doth his best wi'un. But never a farden over what I said."

"I am very much obliged to you. Here it is; and another next week, if he requires it. I hate the sight of money while this thing lasts, because I know that money is at the bottom of it. Tremlett, you are a noble fellow. Your opinion is worth something. Now don't you agree with me in thinking that after all it comes to this,—everything else has been proved rubbish—the doctors are at the bottom of it?"

"Well, sir, I am afeared they be. I never knowed nort of 'em, thank the Lord. But I did hear they was oncommon greedy to cut up a poor brother of mine, as coom to trouble. I was out o' country then; or by Gosh, I wud a' found them a job or two to do at home."

The young man closed his lips, and thought. Tremlett's opinion,

although of little value, was all that was needed to clench his own. "I'll go and put a stop to it at once," he muttered; and after a few more words with the wrestler, he set his long legs going rapidly, and his forehead frowning, in the direction of that Æsculapian fortress known as the Old Barn.

By this time Dr. Fox was in good health again, recovering his sprightly tone of mind and magnanimous self-confidence. His gratitude to Frank Gilham now was as keen and strong as could be wished; for the patient's calmness and fortitude and very fine constitution had secured his warm affection by affording him such a field for skill, and such a signal triumph, as seldom yet have blessed a heart at once medical and surgical. Whenever Dr. Gronow came, and, dwelling on the ingenious structure designed and wrought by Jemmy's skill, poured forth kind approval and the precious applause of an expert, the youthful doctor's delight was like a young mother's pride in her baby. And it surged within him all the more because he could not, as the mother does, inundate all the world with it. Wiser too than that sweet parent, he had refused most stubbornly to risk the duration of his joy, or imperil the precious subject, by any ardour of excitement or flutter of the system.

The patient lay, like a well-set specimen in the box of a naturalist, carded, and trussed, and pinned, and fibred, bound to maintain one immutable plane. His mother hovered round him with perpetual presence, as a house-martin flits round her fallen nestling, circling about that one pivot of the world, back for a twittering moment, again sweeping the air for a sip of him. But the one he would have given all the world to have a sip of even in a dream he must not see. Such was the stern decree of the power, even more ruthless than that to which it punctually despatches us, Æsculapius, less gentle

to human tears than *Æacus*. To put it more plainly, and therefore better, Master Frank did not even know that Miss Christie was on the premises.

Christie was sitting by the window, thrown out where the barn-door used to be,—where the cart was backed up with the golden tithe-sheaves, but now the gilded pills were rolled, and the only wholesome bit of metal was the sunshine on her hair—when she saw a large figure come in at the gate (which was still of the fine agricultural sort) and a shudder ran down her shapely back. With feminine speed of apprehension she felt that it could be one man only, the man she had heard so much of, a monster of size and ferocity, the man who had “concussed” her brother’s head and shattered an arm of great interest to her. That she ran to the door, which was wide to let the spring in, and clapped it to the post, speaks volumes for her courage.

“You can’t come in here, Harvey Tremlett,” she cried, with a little foot set, as a forlorn hope, against the bottom of the door, which (after the manner of its kind) refused to go home when called upon. “You have done harm enough, and I am astonished that you should dare to imagine we would let you in.”

“But I am not Harvey Tremlett at all. I am only Tom Waldron; and I don’t see why I should be shut out, when I have done no harm.”

The young lady was not to be caught with chaff. She took a little peep through the chink, having learned that art in a very sweet manner of late; and then she threw open the door and showed herself a fine figure of blushes.

“Miss Fox, I am sure,” said the visitor, smiling and lifting his hat as he had learned to do abroad. “But I won’t come in against orders, whatever the temptation may be.”

“We don’t know any harm of you, and you may come in,” answered Chris, who was never long taken aback. “Your sister is a dear friend of mine.

I am sorry for being so rude to you.”

Waldron sat down, and was cheerful for awhile, greatly pleased with his young entertainer and her simple account of the state of things there. But when she inquired for his mother and sister, the cloud returned, and he meant business. “You are likely to know more than I do,” he said, “for I have not been home, and cannot go there yet. I will not trouble you with dark things; but may I have a little talk with your brother?”

Miss Fox left the room at once, and sent her brother down; and now a very strange surprise befell the sprightly doctor. Sir Thomas Waldron met him with much cordiality and warmth, for they had always been good friends, though their natures were so different; and then he delivered this fatal shot. “I am very sorry, my dear Jemmy, but I have had to make up my mind to do a thing you won’t much like. I know you have always thought a great deal of my sister Inez; and now I am told, though I have not seen her, that you are as good as engaged to her. But you must perceive that it would never do. I could not wish for a better sort of fellow, and I have the highest opinion of you. Really I think that you would have made her as happy as the day is long, because you are so clever, and cheerful, and good-tempered, and—in fact I may say, good all round. But you must both of you get over it. I am now the head of the family, and I don’t like saying it, but I must. I cannot allow you to have Nicie; and I shall forbid Nicie to think any more of you.”

“What the deuce do you mean, Tom?” asked Jemmy, scarcely believing his ears. “What’s up now, in the name of goodness? What on earth have you got into your precious noddle?”

“Jemmy, my noddle, as you call it, may not be a quarter so clever as yours; and in fact I know it is

not over-bright, without having the benefit of your opinion. But for all that, it has some common sense, and it knows its own mind pretty well, and what it says, it sticks to. You are bound to take it in a friendly manner, because that is how I intend it; and you must see the good sense of it. I shall be happy and proud myself to continue our friendship. Only you must pledge your word that you will have nothing more to say to my sister Inez."

"But why, Tom, why?" Fox asked again, with increasing wonder. He was half inclined to laugh at the other's solemn and official style, but he saw that it would be a dangerous thing, for Waldron's colour was rising. "What objection have you discovered, or somebody else found out for you? Surely you are dreaming, Tom!"

"No, I am not; and I shall not let you. I should almost have thought that you might have known without my having to tell you. If you think twice, you will see at once that reason, and common sense, and justice, and knowledge of the world, and the feeling of a gentleman, all compel you to—to knock off, if I may so express it. I can only say that if you can't see it, everybody else can at a glance."

"No doubt I am the thickest of the thick, though it may not be the general opinion. But do give me ever such a little hint, Tom; something of a twinkle in this frightful fog."

"Well, you are a doctor, aren't you now?"

"Certainly I am, and proud of it; only wish I was a better one."

"Very well. The doctors have dug

up my father; and no doctor ever shall marry his daughter."

The absurdity of this was of a very common kind, as the fallacy is of the commonest, and there was nothing very rare to laugh at. But Fox did the worst thing he could have done, he laughed till his sides were aching. Too late he perceived that he had been as scant of discretion as the other was of logic.

"That's how you take it, is it, sir?" young Waldron cried, ready to knock him down, if he could have done so without cowardice. "A lucky thing for you that you are on the sick-list, or I'd soon make you laugh the other side of your mouth, you guffawing jackanapes! If you can laugh at what was done to my father, it proves that you are capable of doing it. When you have done with your idiot grin, I'll just ask you one thing—never let me set eyes on your sniggering, grinning, pill-box of a face again."

"That you may be quite sure you never shall do," answered Fox, who was ashy pale with anger, "until you have begged my pardon humbly, and owned yourself a thick-headed, hot-headed fool. I am sorry that your father should have such a ninny of a cad to come after him. Everybody acknowledges that the late Sir Thomas was a gentleman."

The present Sir Thomas would not trust himself near such a fellow for another moment, but flung out of the house without his hat; while Fox proved that he was no coward by following and throwing it after him. And the other young man proved the like of himself by not turning round and smashing him.

(To be continued.)

A VISION OF INDIA.

WE cannot profess to emulate the stirring tale which *The Spectator* had to tell last month. Not having enjoyed the thirty years' absence from the East which inspired that memorable prophecy of a new and instant rising of united India against British dominion, the analogy between the situation in 1857 and the situation in 1894 is naturally less clear to us. We know, of course, that the British army in India is still disgracefully weak; that in the whole of the three Presidencies there are, in round numbers, but nine regiments of cavalry, sixty-five batteries of artillery, and fifty-two regiments of infantry, a force but little, if at all superior to that with which we had to face the great revolt of seven and thirty years ago. We know that there are still vast tracts of country and large cities where crowds of European men, women and children are at the mercy of a wavering native force and a fanatic native population, without a single regiment of English soldiers to keep them in check; that the greater part of our artillery is still manned by native gunners; that our magazines and treasuries are still watched by native guards. But this knowledge, which may be learned from books and gazetteers by any man who has never been farther east than the India Docks, really avails nothing. It is the personal knowledge of the native races, of their manners, customs, tempers, thoughts, that really avails. With what eyes do they now regard the march of Western ideas, the blessings of Western civilisation, above all those noble fruits of Western democracy with which the wise and amiable philanthropy of Parliament has during the last ten

years or so been enriching their parched and barren soil? Does the new Western wine taste well out of the old Eastern bottles? It is a knowledge of these things that gives a man a right to speak of India. Such a knowledge comes only from a long sojourn in the country, from going to and fro therein with the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the understanding heart. Thirty years' absence will then but ripen and widen it. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Roberts, Sir Alfred Lyall,—these also are able men and experienced; but their experience has still the bias of the moment; it lacks the mellowing effect of distance.

And indeed we never truly realised how vital to a right understanding of the essential difference between East and West this aloofness is (if we may borrow one of the new coins of our literary mint), till we read a letter in *The Spectator* of the 12th of last May. The article on *India next Week* (published on May 5th) did not please everybody, but to three persons at least it seemed a most wise and timely warning, and especially to one W. P. This gentleman has been for twenty years in business in Calcutta (which of course entitles him to speak with authority on the general condition of India) and during that time has made many friends among the native commercial classes. One of these is a Guzerati Hindoo, with whom he held in the course of last year a most remarkable conversation. The old man saw the heavens very black indeed all round him; but he spoke well and wisely on many things, and notably on that gigantic folly of a Free Native Press. "That my native friend was in earnest," wrote W. P. (too earnest

himself to be very choice about his language), "I fully believe, because he undertook to protect me when the row began, and because he shut up on the entrance of his son, who, on listening to a few words of our conversation, said something to his father in Guzerati which I could not understand, but which the father said was to the effect that I would tell the 'Sircar'—i.e., the Government. *I told him he need not fear, that Government would not believe anything till the rails were torn up and the wires cut, and the sooner they got their row started the sooner it would be ended.*" If W. P. really spoke the words we have italicised to his Hindoo friend, he spoke something very like what a plain man would call treason. To be sure he was no servant of Government; but every Englishman in India is under obligations to the Government, and perhaps most of all are the trading-classes concerned in upholding the safety, honour, and welfare of the British dominion. To blacken before its enemies the face of a Power without which we had never been, to which we owe all we are worth, and deprived of whose protection we should not endure for a single day, will seem, we say, to the plain man neither a very generous nor a very politic deed. He will probably think, in his simple unsophisticated fashion, that it is not only the Native Press which goes too freely. But he would be wrong. W. P. is evidently proud of his frankness, and *The Spectator* quotes his letter with approval. And here we plainly see how much more than climate and sky our countrymen change who cross the black water, and how impossible it is for those who have never made the journey to really mark and appreciate the essential distinction between East and West, to Orientalise, as we may say, their sturdy Western natures into the likeness of a W. P.

Well, to such knowledge we at least shall make no pretence. With the little contribution to Indian history

which we venture to offer to our readers (if indeed they have any stomach for such simple fare after the high-seasoned hash of *The Spectator*), we are concerned only as the humble channel of communication, and with a few words of introduction our task will be finished. Some few years ago there was published in Calcutta a little anonymous pamphlet with the title of *India in 1983*. Over there it circulated gaily, too gaily indeed, we have been told, for the taste of a Government apparently indisposed to allow the same liberty to the English as to the Native Press; but in England it seems to be hardly if at all known. It has interested us, and it may interest our readers, even in the inadequate form of such a summary as the laws of space, and our own imperfect powers, have allowed us to give to it. The author, it will be seen indulges in the prophetic vein, like *The Spectator*. A prophet, they say, has no honour in his own country, and the prophet of Wellington Street does not seem to have won much yet. To him it may come; but not in our time, nor in the time of our children will honour come to the author of *India in 1983*. Eighty-nine years hence! And the other prophet was content with five days, though he may now perhaps wish that he had slightly extended his margin. Our author, we apprehend, writes partly in a spirit of allegory; some serious folk might say in a spirit of burlesque. Possibly it may be so, but the note of truth is sometimes heard amid the jangle of the jester's bells. These things however are not for us to decide. We leave that to abler heads than ours, and especially to those generous young politicians who have taken the Baboo under their especial care. They know him well, of course, and have studied him carefully. It is for them to say how much, if any, value there may be in this vision of the time they are so generously hastening; the time when, in the graceful words of Bladeenath Laikatal,

"lion shall lie down with unicorn," and India shall once again belong to the Indians.

In this famous year of grace, then, 1983, the great Radical dream of a century had become fact. India for the Indians was no longer the cry of a few derided philanthropists, but a glorious reality. A single day had sufficed to consummate this great act of justice. Home Rule for Ireland was still only within a measurable distance, and a handful of Irish patriots still wielded at will the fierce democracy of the United Kingdom. Exhausted by a hot month's fight with the gallant descendants of Mr. Healy and Dr. Tanner (who had vastly improved on their grandsires' primitive methods of combat), the House of Commons had no energy left for any further discussion, and the Lords had long since learned their place too well to presume to discuss anything. Moreover this Bill for the Better Government of India (such was its ample title) had been so fully considered in Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square, where the great business of the nation was now mainly transacted, and the Perish India League had brought the necessity, as well as the justice, of the act so firmly home to the minds of the Great Unemployed (from whom Parliament now took its cue) that there was really nothing more to be said for it; and nothing of course was to be allowed to be said against it. Only one voice, in a thin and drowsy House of just forty Members, was raised in protest; the voice of a short plethoric gentleman of an old-fashioned military appearance, who stuttered out some primeval foolishness about the country going to the dogs, and was immediately silenced by the closure. One short afternoon therefore sufficed to confer the blessings of autonomy on the people of India. The suzerainty of the English Sovereign was indeed to be maintained; but that, as the Minister in charge of the Bill ex-

plained, need trouble no man. It had been maintained in the Transvaal for nearly a hundred years. No harm had come of it there: no man indeed knew precisely what it meant; and no harm might be trusted to come of it in India.

There was the same agreeable absence of opposition among the English officials in India, for the simple reason that there were no longer any in the country. Under a series of liberal and philanthropic Viceroy's the fetters of English rule had one by one been broken. The system of administration known as Local Self Government, introduced in the previous century, had proved so marvellously successful that the Englishman's occupation was gone. The entire public service was now in native hands. Officials, planters, traders, the white usurpers had either removed themselves, or been summarily ejected from a land which would no longer suffer them. Some British troops there still were and a Commander-in-Chief; there were still the Viceroy and the Governors of Bombay and Madras. But these anomalous survivals of the old order were only waiting the passing of the expected Bill to lay down the last vestiges of a power which had long since passed out of their hands. By the end of April in that blessed year of freedom 1983 India was at last after more than two centuries of English tyranny in very word and deed the proud possession of the Indians.

The new system of administration was simplicity itself; a pure Democratic Parliament elected by universal suffrage. The elections had been proceeding merrily during the last months of the Viceroy's unhonoured albeit blameless existence. There was not indeed much enthusiasm among the masses; but the canvassers, or *khanwassurs* in the vernacular, who had rapidly attained to the dignity of a separate caste, proved themselves perfect masters of their business, and with the help of promises which would

not have discredited an English Radical soliciting the agricultural vote, and more material inducements in the shape of annas, managed to get the artless ryot to the polls in sufficient numbers. There were some trifling disturbances between Mahomedans and Hindoos, but the former for the most part held aloof in sullen indifference; and when the first Indian Parliament had been duly elected, out of its three hundred and sixty-five members no less than three hundred and sixty were found to belong to the great Baboo class, the most intelligent and best educated class in India, as we all know. There had been some surprise among the Mahomedans at the general exodus of the Sahibs, and many theories to account for it. But one wise old Mussulman explained that the Padishah of Roum (the Sultan of Turkey) had got the King of England prisoner in an iron cage in the bazaar at Constantinople, and that the restoration of India to Islam was the price of the Kaffir's freedom. And this explanation was considered so eminently probable and satisfactory that the sons of Islam were content to wait peacefully on events, though not without some rather significant hints to their Hindoo neighbours as to the possible course those events might take.

At last the day fixed for the meeting of Parliament dawned over Calcutta. There had not been time to build a fitting House, and the Town Hall had been chosen as a temporary Capitol. The streets were filled with crowds, that cheered the Deputies as they drove up, and the principal shops were decked with flags and loyal mottoes, *Thy will be done, God bless the Prince of Wales, Good-bye, dear Sir*, and others equally expressive of devotion to the new order of things. As the President of the Assembly, Baboo Joykissen Chunder Sen, entered the hall he found every man at his desk, whereon stood, with ink, pens, and paper, a copy of Roget's *Thesaurus of Words and Phrases*. The House had been equally divided into Liberals and Con-

servatives, not without some trouble, for naturally no man wished to be in Opposition. But when the President had explained that an Opposition was essential to government, and that all would in turn hold office and enjoy the sweets of patronage, this little difficulty was overcome. The formation of a Ministry was a more serious affair; and it was only on the express understanding that no Ministry should remain in power for more than a week, that the President had been enabled to make the following selection.

Baboo Bladeenath Laikatal, B.A.,
Minister of War.
Baboo Rathanath Mounterjee,
Under-Secretary for War, and
Inspector-General of Cavalry.
Baboo Seegyen Muchasik, B.A.,
Minister of Marine.
Baboo Thumbuldoon Barrakjee,
B.A., *Minister of Public Works.*
Baboo Littlebbhai Smakerjee,
M.A., *Minister of Education.*
Baboo Datsdeweh Demunny Ghose,
B.A., *Minister of Finance.*
Mr. Europe Mookerjee, C.I.S.,
B.A., *Minister of Things in*
General.

The President opened the proceedings with a speech of extraordinary volume and eloquence.

Gentlemen, fellow-countrymen [he began], shall I not say fellow-members of Parliament and Romans, lend me your ears. This is the proudest moment of my *vita, ars longa, vita brevis*, as the poet says, when I see before me your physiognomies and visages all full of constitutional transformation. Indeed I am as it were in a hurly-burly, and say to myself, I am now in a more noble position than Washington when he urged his troops against the myrmidons of Spain,—than Cleon in the Senate when he severely reprimanded the Jacobins for their crimes,—than Cicero when he stirred up his fellow-citizens to make war on the Carthaginians: all this I say is this princely house and more, sitting on its own bottom, and controlling the Financial, Judicial, Revenue, Secret, General, Political, Educational, and Public Works Departments of the Government of India. And now, is there a man with

a dead soul who has never to himself said, my foot is on my native heath? And when I look and see the country where my ancestors bled, and which they won by the sword [his father had entered Calcutta with a single cocoa-nut, and laid the foundation of his fortunes by cutting it into small pieces and selling it to little boys], when I see the fertile plains watered by the rolling Ganges, in the middle of which this best Parliament sits, then I think my bosom beats with patriotic exhilaration; I am proud of my countrymen who have built up this lofty fabric of constitutional magnificence, and who, I think, will continue to do so pretty well. For we are the advanced thinkers, and we show things to others, and nobody shows nothing to us. We are the heirs of the ancient wisdom of Aryavarta, we are the sons of the Bengal which has conquered India. We are the B.A.'s of the Calcutta University, superior to gentlemen educated at the Oxford, and if any one try to show his better enlightenment, or intelligence, or representative character, or benevolence, let us say, "Pooh, pooh, teach your grandmother to lay eggs." Let us then go on like blazes in the course of civilisation and progress, and guided by the teaching of theology, psychology, geology, physiology, doxology, and sociology, and all the other sciences that the *quidnuncs* boast of, we can confront the unmitigated myrmidons of despotism, and say to the adversaries of freedom and jurisprudence, "You be blown!" Let us each and all be Norval on Grampain hill, and rejecting rhodomontade, hyperbole, metaphor, flatulence, and hypercriticism, make for the goal of our hopes, where to be or not to be, that is the question. Let us show our *cui bono*, and hermetically seal the tongues of our enemies not to be opened except by *vis major*. When I look round on this imperial, primeval, and financial assembly, I call to mind the saying of my dear mamma, "My son, cut your cloth according to your coat"; and indeed, dear brothers, if not, how can do? Let us purge our souls with hiccup, so that we can see, and cut up rough when the base detractors of our fame make libel, and say, "This Bengali Baboo no use, we are the superior people." So they go on always showing serpent's cloven hoof and falsehood, making, but it is we who have the more lofty magnanimity, we have had the cultivated education.

There was a great deal more in the same impassioned strain, but this may

possibly suffice for a sample of the eloquence of one who was acknowledged to be the first orator in Bengal.

When the Baboo had sat down, amid loud cries of "*Shabash* (well done)" Datsdeweh Demunny Ghose proceeded to unfold his financial budget. As one of its chief items was the payment of Members at the rate of Rs. 5,000 a month while the House was sitting, and half that sum when the House was in recess, it was naturally received with general satisfaction. Only one dissentient voice was heard, suggesting that the sum should be Rs. 10,000 a month; but it was felt that it would be more prudent to begin on the smaller scale, and the original proposition was accordingly carried by acclamation. A large increase in the machinery of government was next proposed, which would greatly accelerate legislation, and provide many honest and worthy men with suitable employment. Some seven thousand places were thus created at a stroke, the appointments to which were to be vested in the Members. To this also there was no opposition; and an equally cordial welcome was granted to the proposal to make special provision for the marriages and funeral ceremonies of the Members and their relations. So liberal indeed was the Minister, and so complacent the House, that towards the close of the afternoon it was discovered by the Assistant Deputy Secretary in the Financial Department that the Budget already showed a deficit of about eight crores of rupees. It was felt that it would be impolitic to raise a loan so early in the session, and moreover it was not very clear to the House whence the loan was to come. It was therefore determined to cut down expenditure sternly in other directions. This somewhat ungracious duty devolved upon the Minister of War, who accordingly delivered a long and brilliant denunciation of standing armies and the military spirit, which were, he declared, as obsolete as Behemoth or the Shibboleth. "I pronounce," he

concluded, in a glowing peroration which carried the whole House with him, "that War is dead and buried, and I make epithalamium over his grave. God is God of Peace, and I will aid Him to carry out His work in this department with all my power." He then proceeded to give effect to this gracious promise of co-operation with the Supreme Being by disbanding one-half of the army, and reducing the pay of the other half by fifty per cent. Having thus satisfactorily balanced their accounts the House rose, in high good humour with their first day's work.

But there were others watching events in a different spirit. The first soldier in India, though not the nominal Commander-in-Chief, was Ahmed Shah, an Afghan of royal blood, who had served through all the ranks of our old Indian army, and now held the important command of the Barrackpore Division in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta. He had his own ambitions, and cared not a jot for his nominal Chief (an effete old Hindoo who lived on his estates near Lucknow and never gave a thought to his command), and even less, if possible, for the Minister of War. But he could afford to wait, for he knew well that he would not have to wait long. When the scramble for power came, as come he knew it soon would if only this precious Parliament were left to itself, the man who could command a compact and disciplined body of troops would be a strong force in the game. So for the present he waited; and his soldiers waited too, with implicit confidence in their chief, and ready to go anywhere and do anything with him when he gave the signal.

On the evening of the first day of Parliament the General was sitting smoking in his verandah and brooding over the future, when his aide-de-camp, whom he had sent into Calcutta for news, stood before him. "What is it, son of Mahomed Ali?" said the General. "Has Scindia declared war

on Holkar, or are the Russians marching on Lahore?" It was worse news than this that the son of Mahomed Ali had to report. "Those sons of burnt fathers, may Allah confound them! [it was thus the irate Mussulman spoke of the People's Representatives] have passed a law disbanding half the army, and cutting down the pay of the rest one-half, to spend the money on their own filthy and obscene stomachs." But Ahmed Shah only smiled. "Is this true?" he said. "The Kaffirs! surely Shaitan has blinded the dogs." Then he gave sundry orders with the result that within ten minutes the whole staff of the Division was collected in the General's bungalow. Two hours later, in the gathering night, the rumbling of guns and artillery-waggon, the tramp of infantry and clatter of cavalry were heard in Barrackpore. The entire division was marching straight on Calcutta.

When the Baboos assembled to renew their constitutional labours on the following morning, they found guns posted at the corners of the streets opening into the Town Hall, and all the neighbouring squares and lanes thronged with sepoys smoking and chatting, as it seemed, in the best of tempers. Their first thought was that this was a spontaneous act of homage on the part of the army to their elected rulers; but this pleasing illusion was soon dispelled by the behaviour of the sepoys as they caught sight of their legislators, which certainly suggested anything rather than respect. It then first dawned upon these budding statesmen that the army might object to the rather summary legislation of the previous day, and might express their objections after some unconstitutional fashion; and as they thought on these things the livers of the Elected of the People were turned to water within them. However, they took their places without further misadventure and waited anxiously for the President.

When that illustrious personage arrived (half-an-hour late as befitted

his dignity) he found the General and his Staff waiting for him on the steps of the Town-Hall. Ahmed Shah saluted the President with most scrupulous politeness and informed him that he desired, on behalf of the army, to confer with the Honourable House on some important matters of State. The unfortunate Baboo had scarce breath left in his trembling body to inform the General of the forms necessary to be observed by all who would petition the Government. But to these the soldier demurred on the ground that his business was urgent, and that he had no time for children's talk. By this time however the President had managed to sidle up to the door, which was held open from inside, and watching his opportunity bolted like a rabbit into the chamber. The door was then hastily closed and fastened, and the General turned to his Staff with an ominous grin on his face.

Within the Hall all was consternation. The House stared at the President and the President stared back at the House in dumb dismay. Presently a shot was heard, and the whole assembly rose to its feet, and turned with one accord towards the back-door. A chuprassie was sent to reconnoitre. It was nothing, he reported; only a drunken sepoy who had discharged his piece by accident and had been straightway arrested. But, he added, the General was on his way to demand admittance again, and had given orders to the artillery that if he was not inside the door within five minutes they were to fire. At this moment another shot rang out, and almost immediately a sounding summons was heard on the door. It was at once flung open and General Ahmed Shah with his Staff advanced to the centre of the Hall. He saluted the President, looked round the House with an ironical semblance of respect, and spoke. The measures of military reform proposed by the Honourable House did not, he grieved to say, please the troops under his command, who had ventured to submit others in

their stead which, he felt confident, would be approved of. Their Excellencies had decreed that one half of the army should be disbanded, and the pay of the other be reduced by one half. He, on the other hand, had to propose that the army be increased by fifty thousand men; that the pay of all be doubled; that the number of officers be increased by one thousand, and that they should all receive promotion and added batta. If these proposals were at once carried into law, the soldiers would remain faithful to their salt and defend the country loyally against all its enemies. But if not, there might be danger, for the troops were impatient.

After some wrangling the General, who continued to profess the utmost respect for their Excellencies, agreed to withdraw, while the House proceeded to consider the proposal submitted to them. But he insisted on taking hostages with him, and he warned the House that there had best be no delay. "Justice," he said, "must be done, and at once." These humiliating terms were agreed to; the soldiers clanked out of the Hall, and the trembling senators were left to themselves.

It may well be supposed that there was no long debate. The Minister of War proposed an adjournment for a fortnight, but that, the President pointed out to be impossible, with the troops outside and the General waiting for instant decision. Eventually it was proposed to adjourn to the next morning, and this was unanimously agreed to. "Very well," said the President. "To-morrow we will meet and confront the danger, and, if necessary, die at our posts. You will all come to-morrow," he added doubtfully, as the House made a simultaneous movement towards the back-door. "Yes, yes," they all shouted with one voice. "To-morrow, to-morrow we will all meet and die at our posts." And the next moment the President was left alone. He sent a hasty message to the General, glanced at the few reports submitted to the House,—

to the effect that Scindia was massing his troops on the frontier, that the Afghans had looted Peshawur, and other such cheerful intelligence—and then the back door claimed him too for its own. The soldiers stayed at their posts all night, being well supplied with food by the trembling citizens.

Punctual to the moment the President arrived next morning at the Town-Hall. On his way there he was more than once tempted to turn his four-in-hand round, drive off into space, and leave India to take care of itself. But he was slightly comforted by noticing a man in the street salaam to him, and duty, he reflected, "Duty, that stern voice of the daughter of God which makes mare to go, duty shall enhance my meritorious responsibility and make things all square." So he saluted the General (who, he observed with a shiver, was on horseback at the head of his men, every bayonet fixed and every gun pointing to the hapless Chamber,) and entered the building.

What a sight met his eyes! The Hall was empty save for the chuprassie; but on the President's table was a heap of official envelopes of all sizes and shapes. "There are three hundred and sixty letters," said the man with a grin. Three hundred and sixty! The exact number of the House less the hostages. With a trembling hand he took a letter from the heap, feeling only too sadly certain what he was to read. It was from the member for Mozufferpore and ran as follows.

SIR,—I have the honour to bring to your notice the following facts, hoping that they will meet with your favourable consideration, and I shall, as in duty bound, ever pray. Your Honour is well aware that I am poor man with large family, and that plenty marriages, according to our custom, take place. My little brother is about to be matrimonially inclined, and no one can consummate his marriage but myself. I therefore beg your Honour's kind permission for three months' leave on full pay, to which I am justly entitled

by my long service to the State. I also pray for advance of Rs. 2,000, under kind resolution of yesterday's date, to be debited to No. 2 Sub-head, Civil Contingencies, &c., &c. I have, in anticipation of your sanction, which may kindly be sent by post, left Calcutta and proceeded to my native village. I, therefore, shall be unable, under the kind terms of your demi-official order of yesterday, to die at my post on the date assigned, but when I return after three months' leave, the matter shall receive my earliest attention. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,—RUVÉ FUNKERJEE LEEVA PAL, B.A.

The next was from the Minister of Public Works :

HONOURABLE SIR,—With reference to your Honour's order, dated 21st April, 1983 (without number) directing me to die at my post, I have the honour to inform you that I am suffering from boils in the hinder parts which disqualifies me from any public duty. I append a medical certificate, showing that I am unfit at present to die at my post. I therefore request that six months' leave on full pay may be granted to me, and that pay in advance (which is admissible under the Code) may be given me. The money may kindly be payable to bearer who is near Parliament House, (round the corner, chuprassie will show him,) who is trustworthy man of a first family, but please give so that bloodthirsty sepoys not see. I have, &c., THUMBULDOON BARAKJEE, L.C.E.B.A. and M.I.I.C.E.

He opened another and another and read the same story in each. But the unkindest cut of all came from his own familiar friend, the Minister of Marine, his companion at the University, and in those painful studies in equitation once thought necessary for the Government service. This is how that faithless Pythias wrote to his deserted Damon.

HONOURED PRESIDENT,—It is with the deepest grief and consternation that I take up my pen to inform you that my beloved spouse has gone to Davy Jones last night at 9.30 p.m., Madras time. The life of man has been officially declared to be fifty-five years, but hers was a non-regulation death, for she kicked the bucket at the early age of twenty-seven. *Hinc illæ*

lacrimæ. So I cannot leave my home, and I deeply regret that I must apply for leave on full pay for some months to manage my household affairs. For how can I do? My little daughter aged three months is too young and tender, nor has she the ready-money down, rupee, sovereigns, gold mohurs, or what-not to make both ends of my grandmother meet. Therefore, dear Cock, how can I be with you to die at my post? On the expiration of my leave, if it be not necessary to take an extension, then I will return and die at my post with you, dear chap, good-bye, my dear. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, SEEGYEN MUCHASIK, B.A.

Another and another and still the same, till the wretched President laid his head on his arms and fairly wept. Suddenly a trampling of feet was heard in the square, and the chuprassie came flying in to announce the approach of the General Sahib and his army. The President rose to his feet, "Tell the Gen——" he began, when a shot was fired, and dropping his robes, he made incontinently for the back-door. Then a sudden sense of shame seized him. Should he imitate his cowardly colleagues? Should he not rather, alone as he was among a million enemies, stay and die at his ——? Another shot, and then a blank cartridge from a gun! Again he started to fly, and again he paused. Gathering his gown around him he turned to the chuprassie. "Give my orders to the General Sahib," he began, "that he should at once ——" but the valiant speech was never finished.

Another blank cartridge was followed by a loud knocking at the door. It was too much. When General Ahmed Shah burst into the Hall, it was empty save for three hundred and sixty-five seats, desks, and inkstands, and an equal number of Roget's *Thesaurus of Words and Phrases*. The first and last Parliament of India had done its work.

And then, *redeunt Saturnia regna.*

She comes, she comes, the sable throne behold

Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!

The golden years return, the years before the white Sahibs had set their accursed yoke on the land, and India belonged in very deed to her own people. Space fails us to tell how they celebrated their freedom: how Scindia warred with Holkar and the Rajpoot princes with each other; how the Nizam wasted Mysore and the Mahrattas burned Bombay; how the Chinese overran Nepaul and the Russians and Afghans harried the Punjab, sacked Lahore, and marched on Delhi, where Ahmed Shah (who had promptly strangled the old Commander-in-Chief) had installed himself as Emperor. But it is needless. The Eastern temperament is intensely conservative, and any history of India before the days of the English rule will supply the necessary knowledge.

Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,

And universal darkness buries all!

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

I.—THE INFANTRY.

THE British infantry soldier is a person of whom the British public, since it has read Mr. Kipling's stories, flatters itself that it has a certain knowledge and even a certain admiration. How deep this knowledge and how sincere this admiration may be, is another question; but both, at any rate, are something quite new, the dominant feeling of the British people towards its soldiers having hitherto been one of intense jealousy and dislike. Folks are not always quite conscious of the fact; but there it remains, and one proof thereof, which is always present to us, is the circumstance that officers are never seen in uniform when off duty. The practice has been not unreasonably condemned as an anomaly at once absurd and discreditable; but those who blame it ignore the fact that it originally came from a desire to spare a susceptible public the sight of too many proofs of a standing army. And so in time the officer's uniform grew to be regarded as something of a fancy dress, to be paraded on certain occasions for the satisfaction of the tax-payer, who fondly imagines that it is worn at his (and not at the unfortunate officer's) charges; until finally it has become so extremely ornamental that (as was pathetically observed the other day by a distinguished soldier in the House of Commons) it is impossible to stow away in it so much even as a cigarette or a pocket-handkerchief. Similarly the men's uniforms are treated not as the honourable badge of a noble profession, but as a mere masquerading suit, wherewith any man may drape his own limbs, or the limbs of another man, or indeed anything. For we are a commercial nation, and the uniform that has

struck terror into foreign warriors may profitably strike terror into native crows. Moreover we are a free nation, and to prevent a man of peace from arraying himself in the dress of a fighting man, with medals, orders, and crosses complete, is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. Whence did this jealousy of the British soldier arise? Primarily, beyond all question, from the traditional and almost hereditary horror of the military despotism under which England once groaned for a few short years. In spite of Carlyle and Mr. Frederick Harrison, the nation still shudders at the thought of Cromwell. There is much in the man which it is ready to admire, much that it is willing to condone; but there is one thing that it cannot and will not forgive him, and that is, the creation of the British soldier and the British army.

For the British soldier, the disciplined fighting man in the red coat, dates from the Civil War; and the first British army was the New Model Army organised under the ordinance of the 15th of February 1644-5. On that day, we may fairly affirm, was born the individual whom it is the fashion to call Thomas Atkins; who, to say the least of him, has carried death and his national peculiarities into more lands than ever soldier in the history of the world. His first task was to found the unity of the three kingdoms on the supremacy of England; his next to build up, with his brother the Blue-jacket, the British Empire. We know something of the man as he stands before us to-day at St. James's, with his magazine-rifle and dagger-bayonet; we can mark his buttons, his plume, his facings, or some other distinction, assert with

confidence that he belongs to such and such a regiment, and pass on as a matter of course. But what manner of man he was in the year 1645, and how he was made and trained, is not so clear. This is the matter on which we seek to throw a little light.

Were a civilian to be set the task of training and making soldiers nowadays he could purchase for a few shillings at any bookseller's shop a drill-book which would lay his duties plainly before him. Had the citizen soldiers of the Civil War any such text-books? Assuredly they had; bulky folio volumes, sometimes of several hundred pages, such as Ward's *Animadversions of Warre* (1632), Bingham's *Tactics* (1616), as well as one or two others which, though known to us by name, are not to be found even in the British Museum. For the first half of the seventeenth century was for a variety of reasons rather prolific in military writings. Englishmen were serving abroad by thousands in the religious wars on the Continent, and had set up as models for English aspirants to military fame their two most brilliant captains, Maurice of Nassau and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. But if we seek for the authorities to which these in their turn resorted for instruction, we find that Maurice's favourite was Ælian, who wrote in the time of the Emperor Hadrian. Bingham's *Tactics* is simply a translation of the *Tactics* of Ælian; and in a word, the drill-book of the armies of Europe in the seventeenth century, including the New Model Army, was the drill-book of the Roman legions, which in its turn was borrowed mainly from classical Greece. Probably few infantry officers are aware that when they give the word "Fours" their men still execute the order in the manner prescribed by the martinet of Sparta. So, too, in the drill-books of the seventeenth century the examples adduced for illustration of strategical and tactical principles are those of Alexander, Epaminondas, and Metellus; and Xenophon's *Hippar-*

chicus is quoted as authoritative in the matter of cavalry manœuvre. It seems difficult at first sight to bridge over the gulf thus opened between the first British army and the present, but none the less we are able to do so. Officers could not lug these huge folios about in service with them, so they made abridgments of them in manuscript for their own use; and finally one such abridgment was printed and published by a certain captain, in such form and compass as that "it could be worn in the pocket,"—a soldier's pocket-book for field-service, two centuries before the appearance of Lord Wolseley.

Having therefore furnished our officer of the seventeenth century with his drill-book, let us see what manner of instruction he had to impart. And let us first premise that we can speak of no officer of higher rank than a captain, and of no unit larger than a company, for the simple reason that the regiment as we now understand the term, was only in its infancy. In the seventeenth century a regiment was simply an agglomeration of companies bearing the colours of one colonel; it might include thirty companies, or it might number no more than four. So, too, a company might muster three hundred men or no more than sixty. Gustavus Adolphus first made the regiment a regular establishment of eight companies, of one hundred and twenty-six men each; and it was the ordinance of 1645 which finally fixed an English regiment at ten companies of one hundred and twenty men. As to battalion or regimental drill, not a trace of it is to be found in any contemporary text-book. The captain and his company are their theme, and must also be ours.

Now the captain, when by threats or by blandishment, and the offer of eightpence *per diem* (equivalent to at least five times that sum at the present day), he had got his hundred and twenty men together, had rather a heavy task before him. For the company itself was compounded in equal

parts of men totally distinct in weapons and equipment, namely pikemen and musketeers, or, as they were called, Pikes and Shot, which naturally required an equally distinct training. All, of course, had to be taught the difference between their right foot and their left, a sufficiently difficult matter as our authorities assure us, though the equal step was not yet invented; but this was child's play to the handling of the weapons.

The arms and equipment of the musketeer consisted of a musket with a rest from which to discharge it, a bandoleer with fifteen or sixteen charges of powder, and a leathern bullet-bag; and lastly a rapier. The musket-rest, of course, had an iron fork at its head, and an iron spike at the butt whereby to fix it into the ground. Defensive armour the musketeer had none. The instructions for the use of the musket are very full, very minute, and very voluminous; as may be judged from the fact that they include from fifty to sixty distinct words of command. And all these, it must be noted, were requisite for firing-exercise only, the musket being by no means a parade-weapon. The business of loading was extremely long and complicated, and every motion was regulated to the minutest detail. Such a command, for instance, as "Blow off your loose corns," sounds rather strange in our ears, more particularly when we learn that the order was to be carried out on some occasions by "a puff or two," and on others by "a sudden strong blast." But setting these refinements aside, the command had a real meaning and value, to clear off any loose grains of powder that might remain round the pan after it had been filled, lest when the musketeer was blowing on his match to make it burn up (another distinct motion of the firing-exercise) these "loose corns" might be kindled by a spark and bring about a premature explosion. A still more mysterious word is the contemporary French "*Frappez la baguette contre l'estomac*,"

which on examination turns out to mean no more than the orthodox method whereby a man should shorten his hold of his loading-rod. Supposing, however, that a man had duly loaded his piece, according to regulation, and on the word "Give fire," had "gently pressed the trigger without starting or winking," there was still no certainty that the musket would be discharged; and the men had therefore to be taught to keep the muzzles well up while removing their rests and going through the other motions subsequent to firing, lest they should shoot their comrades. In action the fifty or sixty words of command were perforce reduced to the three which, in abbreviated form, survive to this day—"Make ready," "Present," "Give fire!" for as Ward very justly observes, "Should a commander nominate all the postures in time of service, he would have no breath to oppose his enemy." On the march the musketeer carried his musket over his left shoulder and his rest in his right hand, using the latter as a walking-stick, his match (a skein of tinder cord) hanging in a loop between the fingers of the left hand, with both ends, if action were expected, alight and smouldering. And in this attitude he may still be seen in old prints, in short doublet and breeches of astonishing volume.

The pikeman's equipment was very different. He was covered with defensive armour, an iron head-piece, iron "back and breast," and "tasses," a kind of iron apron protecting him from waist to knee. He carried a pike sixteen feet long, with an ashen shaft, an iron head, and a blunt iron spike at the butt-end, whereby to fix it in the ground; and, besides the pike, a rapier. The pike from its great length was a weapon which required deft handling in order to be of effective use, and, as may be imagined, was excessively showy on parade. The modern lance-exercise is a pretty sight enough, but the old pike-exercise, perfectly executed by a large body of

men, must have been superb. We are not surprised therefore to find that the postures, or instructions, for this exercise are extravagantly minute. To give one example; at the close of the instruction on the word "Order your pikes," we find after a mass of complicated details, the following conclusion: "You place the butt end of your pike by the outside of your right foot, your right hand holding it even with your eye, and your thumb right up; then, your left arm being set akimbo by your side, you shall stand with a full body in a comely posture." And this, as hundreds of old prints still bear witness, was the typical attitude of the pikeman; standing with a full body in a comely posture, a sight for gods and men and nursery-maids. For, as another authority tells us, "A posture is a mode or garb that we are fixed unto in the well handling of our arms; in which there are motions attendant unto the same for the better grace." The pike-exercise has an historical interest, for that its words of command, "Advance," "Order," "Trail," and so forth, still survive in the modern manual exercise; but it has a still greater interest for that it shows us how, from the first, appeal was made to the darling weakness of the British soldier, to his vanity. The word "smart" was not invented in the seventeenth century, but "handsome" and "comely" made admirable substitutes. Time is prolific; and to that appeal to the comely posture we must trace the ridiculous little curls, which the modern British soldier (by the conversion of one cleaning-rod per company into a curling-iron) contrives to train above the rim of his forage-cap.

It will be seen on reflection that in these composite companies of infantry, one-half, the Pikes, were equipped for the defensive, and the other half, the Shot, for the offensive. The weight of their armour made the Pikes very slow and cumbrous to move, while the nature of their weapons made them comparatively ineffective except when

acting in large masses. The Shot, on the other hand, were unencumbered and could work in dispersed order. Shot without Pikes, and Pikes without Shot, were therefore alike at great disadvantage when threatened by cavalry; for the Shot had no defence against horsemen when their muskets were once discharged, for loading was a matter of time; and pikemen, though cavalry might not care to face them bristling in square, could be comfortably shot down by a horseman's pistols at a range little exceeding the length of their pikes. The bayonet, by converting at a stroke every man into a combined musketeer and pikeman, made a revolution in infantry drill and tactics; but it was not introduced into England until a quarter of a century after the Civil War. Pikes and Shot were therefore inseparable at the time whereof we write; and this principle governed the whole of their movements.

The accepted traditions of the British Army are of a thin red line of two ranks of men shoulder to shoulder; but no such thing was known in its early days. Infantry in Cromwell's day was drawn up ten ranks instead of two ranks deep, and the men were generally six feet and never less than three feet apart from each other, whether from right to left, or from front to rear. This was due partly to the cumbrousness of the weapons, which required a deal of elbow-room; partly to the necessity of space demanded for the "doubling of files," that is to say, the process by which in these days the two ranks are converted into four; and the converse "doubling of ranks," the reconversion of four ranks into two. It is expressly laid down that the men are not to be taught to close up shoulder to shoulder, for, as Bingham mournfully says, "when necessity shall require it, they will close themselves but too much of their own accord without command." Any one who knows the extraordinary difficulty

of making men keep their distances accurately will understand the trials to which the instructors of those days were subjected. And let it be remembered that all profane swearing met with immediate punishment.

When the men had mastered the elements of their business the captain was left with the task of handling his company to the best advantage, a sufficiently difficult matter. For it was important not to jumble the Pikes and the Shot, it was vital not to separate them too far, and it must have been only too easy to get the whole into hopeless confusion. The rule was, on parade as in the field, to mass the Pikes in the centre, and put half of the musketeers on each flank, both alike in ranks ten deep. An infantry attack was generally opened by an advance of musketeers from each flank, two ranks at a time; the first rank fired and filed off to the rear, the second rank took their place and did likewise; then two more ranks moved up to take their place in turn, and so on *ad infinitum*. Meanwhile the main body of Pikes was slowly but steadily advancing, and the musketeers, as the enemy came closer, gradually dropped back, still firing, till they were aligned with the centre of the column of Pikes. If neither side gave way, matters came to "push of pike," as the contemporary phrase ran,—sure sign of a stubborn fight—and ultimately to a charge, in which the musketeers fell on with the butt, using the musket as a club. In this latter accomplishment the British soldier seems to have excelled particularly.

When threatened by cavalry the musketeers fired under the shelter of the Pikes; but to get them safely and orderly among them, and so to distribute them as to use their fire to the best advantage, was a difficult manœuvre. Plans and dispositions for meeting the attack of cavalry are abundant and ingenious enough; indeed in one French drill-book (*Le Mareschal de Bataille*, 1647), wherein pikemen are

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designated by red dots and musketeers by black, the plans resemble beautiful designs for a tessellated pavement; but none the less, in spite of all elaboration, the musketeers seem generally to have bolted in among the Pikes as best they could. The manœuvres were so complicated that often it was impossible to get the men to return to one front except by the words "Face to your leader,"¹ which rather reminds one of Marryat's nigger-sergeant, "Face to mountain, back to sea-beach." And yet when skilfully handled, how magnificently these men could fight! Take the one solitary body on the King's side at Naseby, which, when the whole of the rest of the army was in full flight, stood like a rock (to use Rushworth's words) and would not move an inch. This *tertia* could not have been above three hundred strong; but it was not until Fairfax had ordered a strong troop of cavalry to attack it in front, a regiment of foot to take it in rear, and another detachment of infantry to assail it in flank, that at last it was broken and dispersed. There is no finer example of the "unconquerable British infantry," which Napier has so eloquently celebrated.

For the rest the British soldier of that epoch had more in common with his brother of to-day than is generally supposed. Of course the prevalence of religious fanaticism gave occasion for serious mutiny at times; for though the union of the religious with the military conscience is irresistible, yet the conflict of the two means death to military discipline. There was only one remedy for such mutiny, and that was unflinchingly applied. How troublesome this fanaticism was in other slighter ways may be gathered from the following description of a little riot that took place in the City on Sunday, October 16th, 1653. "An anabaptistical soldier was preaching at a little place in St. Paul's Church-yard. The boys

¹ Cf. the Adjutant of the Scots Greys at Balaclava, "Rally, the Greys. Face me!"

[apprentices] congregated, and by their throwing of stones gave interruption to the speaker and his audience; who being assisted by the soldiers routed the boys. Some heads were broken and so much noise made that the mayor and sheriffs not being far from thence at church marched thither. The soldiers desired satisfaction of the 'prentices. 'Twas made answer, 'Twas an unlawful assembly'; and the sheriff said he knew not by what authority soldiers should preach there. The soldier replied, 'By this authority,' and presented his pistol at him, but did not give fire. In fine, the soldiers had the better, cut and beat many and carried with them the marshal of the City, threatening to imprison him; but did not. The Lord Mayor and his brethren are at this minute with the general complaining. The City generally are highly exasperated, but a parcel of tame cocknies." (Thurloe S.P. IV. 139.)

At the same time it is surely a fallacy to look upon Cromwell's army as composed exclusively of saints. It must be borne in mind that throughout the period of Puritan ascendancy one of the filthiest sheets to be found in any language was printed and published regularly in London every week, and that there were lewd livers, drunkards, and extortioners in the Long Parliament itself. That the army was well-behaved as a rule there can, we think, be no doubt; but this was principally due to severe discipline rigidly enforced. No doubt there were certain corps which gave a tone to the whole, but dread of punishment had a large share in persuading the others to accept it. Still the full body and comely posture, like the curls above the forage-cap, were too much for many a female heart, and the inevitable result was at least common enough to be made a military offence. Swearing and drunkenness likewise were not uncommon; and all these offences were punished alike with flogging or the wooden horse. Moreover such punishments were in-

flicted in public so as to combine the maximum of degradation. Thus we hear of men flogged up and down the ranks of the regiment in the High Street of Windsor, or in Holborn; or of their riding the wooden horse at Charing Cross with cans about their necks for being drunk and unruly. The "horse" was simply a triangular ridge of wood, in which men were set astride with muskets tied to their legs. Flogging was not so severe as in the Peninsular days, the historic "cat" having been only just invented for the benefit of the navy. "Running the gantlope" that is, being flogged down the ranks of the regiment, every man being armed with a cudgel, was reserved for offenders against a comrade. Severe as this punishment must have been, Gustavus Adolphus was compelled to make it a capital offence for a man to run the gantlope more than twice, as men could always be found to submit to it (presumably to amuse their comrades) for a few shillings. But insensitive as men may have been to pain in those days, it is by no means so certain that they were equally insensitive to public ridicule and degradation, which was always part of the punishment in Cromwell's time. In those days the newspapers reported the punishment of insubordination with pleasure; now they claim sympathy for the insubordinate. The British public will not suffer the soldier to share its amusements, as being a creature unfit for its noble company; but it joyfully encourages him to mutiny against his officers. It treats him with contempt which he does not deserve; but interposes to save him from punishment which he does. It was Cromwell who made the British soldier's profession an honour to him, and offence against it a reproach. England will never see another Cromwell; but it will be a good day for her when she comes again to recognise all her debt to the soldier whom he created.

AN UNFINISHED RUBBER.

IN ordinary circumstances Ko Shway Ghine would scarcely have given Oo Pyat's story a second thought; groundless rumours of dacoits had been so very frequent lately. Oo Pyat, while cutting bamboos on the river bank above the village that morning, had been hailed by some men passing down in a boat; these told him that a woman, an hour higher up the stream, had bid them take care of themselves, for her brother-in-law's father had just seen with his own eyes Boh Paw and a hundred men marching south, that is towards Sanwah village.

What lent significance to an otherwise commonplace report was the fact that this very morning Anness-lee Thekin, the young English Assistant Superintendent of Police, with ten of the little strangers from the West called Goo-kha, had unexpectedly arrived at Sanwah and were even now resting at the dāk bungalow just outside the village. Moreover, Mr. Annesley immediately on his arrival had sent for Ko Shway Ghine as headman to ask for news of Boh Paw, saying he was told the dacoit chief was in that neighbourhood. Ko Shway Ghine had no news to give then; but now he rose from his mat, and bade Oo Pyat follow him to repeat his story to the English officer.

Sanwah consisted of two rows of dingy brown and yellow huts straggling along either side of a wide weed-grown street, down whose centre an uneven brick pavement stood up like a red backbone. Before it reached the end of the village, this pavement broke off in scattered bricks, giving place to a rough cart-track which meandered along the margin of the paddy-fields to the forest beyond. The dāk bungalow stood back from the cart-track in a ragged compound,

whose boundaries lingered in a few clumps of untrimmed bamboo hedge. It was a forlorn-looking house; a shallow story of three rooms and a verandah, gloomy in the shade of the low-pitched roof and elevated on twelve-foot piles. Every one of the Venetian blinds, which did duty as doors and windows, had battens missing; the dust lay thick on the stairs, and the bamboo lattice-work, which ought to have been holding down the thatch, had slipped limply over the eaves. Ramasawmy, the Madras man who had charge of the bungalow, lived with his Burmese wife behind it; but Ramasawmy never even had the rooms swept until a guest was actually in sight.

Ko Shway Ghine and Oo Pyat passed through the ant-eaten shells of gate-posts, and were graciously allowed by Ramasawmy to go up stairs. It was one of those intensely hot close days October brings after the rains, and Mr. Annesley reclined in the wreck of a long-armed chair, undressed in white drill trousers, sleeveless vest, and straw slippers. Shway Ghine, crouching before him, repeated Oo Pyat's story with the trifling alterations required to make it worthy the attention of an English officer. That is to say, he represented that Oo Pyat had been one of the boatmen, and that the woman had herself seen the dacoits. Omission of the remaining links, in his judgment, merely lent the narrative the point and finish essential to ensure it fair hearing. Told with pedantic regard for accuracy of detail, it might, he felt, be dismissed as aligh, —mere nonsense.

Mr. Annesley listened to the story with an indifference which, if disappointing, was at least reassuring. He asked one or two questions, announced

his intention of remaining that night at Sanwah, and, having offered the visitors this crumb of comfort, told them they had leave to go. Then he took up the letter he had laid aside when they came in, and began to read again. Oo Pyat's tale, even as edited by Shway Ghine, bore too striking a family resemblance to the wind-borne fictions brought him everywhere to impress him as important.

He was still reading his letter when Ramasawmy came to tell him that another gentleman was coming; he thought it was Mr. Masters the Forests gentleman, because there was an elephant with the baggage. Annesley did not know Masters; but in the jungle all men are friends, and he got up to meet the new arrival. He was a stout, sun-browned man of about thirty; he walked alone in front of his elephant and followers, and his thin white trousers clung about his limbs as though he had just forded the river.

"I'm afraid I've taken the coolest room," said Annesley. "I did not know any one else was coming; but I'll move out at once." For Masters was his senior both in years and service.

"Pray don't move; I'll take the other. Very glad to find a white man here; I haven't spoken English for six weeks. Police, I see," glancing at the Goorkhas below.

They told each other their names and what they were doing; and Masters, having shouted orders to his servants, who sat under a pink umbrella among the baggage on the elephant-pad, went in to bathe and change. Annesley leaned over the verandah watching the men relieve the kneeling beast of a confusion of boxes, bundles, cooking utensils, and gun-cases. He had not been quite twelve months in the country yet and an elephant was still something to be looked at. The clatter of hoofs made him look up, thrilled with vague ideas of dacoit news sent by mounted messenger. A tall thin man on a rough-

haired pony was jogging towards the bungalow. The horseman's trousers (he did not wear riding-dress) had wriggled half-way up his calves, and his enormous pith hat had settled down over his ears and half hid his face. He dismounted with an audible sigh of relief, and raised his headgear with both hands.

"Hallo, Colville!" called Annesley, as the new-comer thus discovered himself. "What brings you here?"

"Ah, Annesley! Got an appointment with Boh Paw?"

"Well,—hoping for it; I'm only stopping the night. And you?"

"I'm camped on the line about fifteen miles out. I got a touch of fever sleeping out last night, so came in to roost under cover. If I had known it was twice the distance my men said, I shouldn't have come. How that wretched pony has galled me! He won't walk; dances along like a tipsy ballet-girl. That your hathi?"

"No; Masters of the Forests. He arrived only twenty minutes ago. Government doesn't give us poor devils elephants."

"What an event for Sanwah! I don't suppose it's ever had a white population of three before."

Colville accepted Annesley's invitation to share his room, and, declaring his desire for an immediate bath, borrowed his friend's towels and disappeared. The luxurious splashing had ceased when Colville's men arrived. The bearer, in spotless white, led the way, followed by three coolies balancing luggage on their heads, and a fourth with a grass swathed package from which a deer's hoof peeped.

"What's this?" inquired Masters, who had strolled out of his room.

"Venison for dinner to-night!"

"It was a bit of luck," explained Colville, appearing draped in a big Turkish towel. "I was looking for jungle fowl this morning when he got up under my nose. I blew his head nearly off."

"What do you want?" inquired Masters of his khitmugar, who had been

waiting at a respectful distance till his employer should notice him.

The khitmugar wished to know what his honour would like for dinner that evening. What was there to be had? Doubtless the Protector of the Poor could have whatever he pleased to command.

"Yes, you idiot!" growled the Protector of the Poor. "Dāk bungalow, moorghī, or old goat, eh?"

The khitmugar ventured to suggest moorghī soup, chicken-curry, and roast fowl. Annesley sahib had ordered these for his dinner.

Colville unceremoniously struck in to countermand this banquet. The curry might stand, but when he had venison, and Masters' stock-pot, containing no doubt the basis of soup fit for angels, was staring them in the face from the cook-house doorway, he thought Annesley could do without three courses of hen for once. Annesley agreed; he had feasted on fowls every day for a fortnight, except once when he bought a youngish goat. "I might have had beef at Pyalin the day before yesterday," he added scrupulously; "but the headman confessed that the cow had died a natural death, and I couldn't face it. The whole village was eating it."

"Burmans will eat anything almost," remarked Masters. "See here, khitmugar, get a bottle of simkim shrab from the box, and wrap it up in wet straw, and hang it in the shade. If I come and find the straw dry I'll cut your pay eight annas."

"Who wouldn't be in the Forests!" sighed Colville cheerfully.

"You are supposed to drink champagne when you are out, aren't you?" asked Annesley with involuntary respect.

"We want it, living weeks at a time in these pestilential jungles."

Colville expressed his conviction that the work of Annesley's department and that of the Telegraphs would be far more efficiently carried out if their allowances were conceived on a scale to allow of champagne every night

when they were out in the district; and then throwing the towel-fringe over his shoulder, he went in to dress.

The sun was creeping along the verandah floor when Annesley, in his chair, discovered that he had been asleep. The other two were busy writing, so he went out for a solitary stroll. At the farther end of the street, a stone's-throw beyond the houses, the lime-washed pagoda glared white in the evening sun. There is little difference save in degree of dilapidation among village pagodas, but it offered the object of a walk, and Annesley turned in that direction. The village was awake after the heat of the day. The men were squatting in groups about the street, smoking and chatting, and the girls were busy husking rice in the paddy mortars under the houses. The squeak and thump of the heavy foot-pestles, as the levers rose and fell, mingled with the laughter and song of the workers. Here and there a woman sat weaving at the loom under her house, talking across the street to her neighbours as she passed the shuttle in and out. The alarm of the morning had evidently been forgotten.

"Any more news?" asked Annesley of Shway Ghine, who rose to salute as he passed. There was no more, and he walked on to the pagoda. It was deserted save for one elderly woman kneeling at a little distance saying her prayers aloud; she took no notice of the white man as he passed between her and the shrine and wandered round it whistling. The building, shaped like an attenuated bell, was not one to excite admiration. An inverted soda-water bottle on the short iron stab on the apex fulfilled its unwonted purpose by sparkling gloriously in the sun. A few thick tufts of grass and seedlings grew from the cracks in the brickwork, and the moulding about the base was mossy and stained with damp; but the fabric of both the pagoda and the low wall which at a few feet distance surrounded it in four sections, was

sound. Ancient brick paving smothered in grass billowed away for thirty feet all round it, and on the side remote from the village the jungle, entered by one narrow footpath, grew close up to this neglected court.

It was dark when Annesley returned to the bungalow. One battered lamp smokily lighted the dark walls and rafters, and showed Masters and Colville lying in their chairs at the end of the verandah.

"That's one great pull you Telegraph Wallahs have over other fellows," Masters was saying; "you can always know, if you like, what's going on in the world. For all I hear when I'm in the jungle, we might be at war with Russia, or the Viceroy might be assassinated, or the world turned upside down generally."

"It cuts both ways. The wire is the chief's apron-string, and you're tied to it. You may be a hundred miles away, but there's the lightning-string, as the Burman calls it, and he can bully you if he wants to. I will say, though, that with Morris at the other end it is more an advantage than a bother. He always posts me up in the latest events."

"What sort of job has it been, laying the new line? There's some difficult jungle on these hills."

"Easy, the last day or two. We hit an elephant-track, and the bamboos are laid as if half-a-dozen traction engines abreast had been going that way every day for months."

"A big herd, I suppose."

"Forty or fifty I should judge. I only hope the hathis will have been considerate enough to go on in our direction. They save a world of work."

Annesley dragged his chair over, and the three reclined in lazy comfort until Ramasawmy came to announce dinner.

"I haven't seen such a respectable party for weeks," remarked Colville, looking round as they drew in their chairs. "Three men in clean white jackets! I've been dining in my

shirt sleeves for the last month. A tablecloth too!"

"You don't wear white in the jungle, do you, Annesley?" inquired Masters.

"I do, when I wear a coat at all."

"That's rather rash for a policeman, isn't it? It's too conspicuous."

The talk drifted into other channels and presently turned, as is usual, upon promotion. "Yours is the line for galloping promotion in these days, Annesley," said Colville. "You are in luck being put on to Boh Paw. It's your step if you catch him, I don't mind betting a gold mohur."

"I mean to get my step before next cold weather," replied Annesley with the firmness of a man who has made up his mind.

"Oho! and why before next cold weather?" from Masters.

"Why not?" retorted Annesley, blushing. "Look at Blake," he continued, his tongue loosened by the champagne; "he got his step and four months' sick leave to Darjeeling for a shot through the thigh. Look at Paterson; step and thanks of Government for two fingers and half an ear!"

The others laughed. "I see, Annesley; but go about it cautiously. Risk your legs for promotion, but don't go the whole hog in a white coat."

"You pin your faith on Boh Paw, young man," said Masters. "You'll score better at head-quarters by killing him than by getting cut to bits yourself."

"We'll play whist after dinner," said Colville after a short silence. His tone indicated that he meant to make a night of it. "I've got cards."

So had Masters; he always played patience after dinner in the jungle.

"Well, you're not going in for any dissipation of that kind to-night. Whist, two anna points, and a dib on the rub is the programme."

"Rupee points and a chick,¹ you mean. Two anna points!"

¹ Chick = Rs. 4.

"I am 'very poor man, sah,'" returned Colville, catching the other's eye and nodding at Annesley, who was absorbed in the task of eating a devilled sardine with a two-pronged fork. The pay of an Assistant-Superintendent of Police is limited.

Masters shrugged his shoulders in acquiescence.

"Well," remarked Annesley, laying down his fork with a contented sigh, "this *has* been a dinner, thanks to you fellows. Some one said whist; I'm ready."

The servants carried out the chairs and the party adjourned to the verandah, where Masters' camp-table had been set up.

"Well, young 'un, you and dummy ought to rook us handsomely. Look at it, Colville! Five trumps and a long suit in clubs."

The blue smoke of the cheroots curled softly upwards over the silence of whist. Outside, the glow of cooking-fires in the street reddened the night over the village; the low murmur of voices in the compound, and the blowing of the elephant, like a smithy bellows, were restful. The moon rose, picking out roof-line and tree, and one by one the pariahs raised their dismal baying. The three in the dāk bungalow, engrossed in their game, played on, deaf to the familiar noises and blind to the beauty of the night.

"Two by honours, three by cards," said Annesley, sweeping up the last trick.

"No wonder, considering your hand. Go on, I've cut. Who's got a bit of paper to score?"

"I've got some letters," said Annesley, pulling some from his breast-pocket. "Here,—no, not that one, please—take this."

"What's the difference?" growled Masters, making the exchange.

The moonlight strengthened and outshone the fire-glow; the pariahs bayed as though they had never seen a full moon before, and the murmur of voices below died in the silence of sleep. The servants were snoring in

the back verandah, and the Goorkha sentry paced up and down, pausing now and again to yawn audibly. The fitful patter of cards went on, broken only by an abstracted request for matches or for a moment's indulgence while the speaker lit a fresh cheroot.

"Now, Annesley, you've had rare luck. Three rubbers with dummy and won them all,—bumpers. How does it go this time? You and Masters. Change seats with me."

"Half-past eleven," said Masters looking at his watch. "One more rubber and then to bed. I want to be off early to-morrow. Go ahead, partner. Attention, please!"

"Pardon, oneminite," said Annesley, laying down his hand. "I think I hear something at the other end of the village."

"Fudge! It's only the pariahs baying a little louder. Go on."

But Annesley was already on his way down stairs, and Masters threw down his cards impatiently.

"He's a keen hand," remarked Colville approvingly, seizing the opportunity to mix some whisky and water. "By Jove, Masters, I believe there is something up. Listen!"

The dogs were not baying, but barking, and the villagers were calling to one another.

"Dummyyama," repeated Colville, catching the word from many lips. "Dacoits, of course."

"Of course," echoed Masters indifferently, as he pushed back his chair and went to look over the balustrade of the verandah. "A stray buffalo in the jungle, most likely."

A dim figure flitted by in the shadow of the bamboos; another and another, and then a thin silent stream. Annesley came running back from the village, threw an order to the sentry, and sprang up stairs three steps at a time.

"They say it's Boh Paw," he said, as he ran past to his room. "It's my step if it is, I swear."

Women hushing frightened children were hurrying from the village now,

some to take shelter under the dāk bungalow, others to go farther and hide in the bushes. A hoarse yell from the other end of the village told that dacoits were there and about to attack. Masters called to his servant to get his guns quickly. The sentry in rousing his comrades had awakened every one, and the bustle was general. Annesley came out buckling the last strap of a new "Sam Browne" belt, his eyes shining with exultation.

"Take off your coat!" cried Colville who, like Masters, had thrown off his to go out in a gray flannel shirt.

One shot, and another, rang from the end of the village, and a hammered bullet shrilled by. "No time now," laughed Annesley, and he ran down stairs with his sword tripping behind. A word to the corporal and, with carbines loaded, the little Goorkhas filed out at a trot.

Masters' bearer, frightened out of his wits by the firing, was slow in finding the cartridges, and the police were half-way up the village when the two started in pursuit.

"It's going to be warm," remarked Colville, as long flashes led reports, and bullets screamed in different keys overhead, or kicked up splutters of earth. Before them rose and fell the dim wave of the Goorkhas in line across the street; it was almost impalpable, bright as the moon was, as it sank and burst into flame, swelled and advanced, to sink and flame again. Annesley's figure, always upright, stood out white and distinct against the shadows. They could hear him curbing the impetuosity of his men when the dacoits ceased to advance, and, hanging for a moment, crowded back upon the pagoda.

"They're going to make a stand," panted Masters. "Look at 'em, taking cover behind the wall."

A halt to fix bayonets let them up with the police, and they fell in at the end of the skirmishing line to obey Annesley's orders. The dacoits' fire spit fitfully over the low wall of

the pagoda, but the volume of yells told that the gang was large enough to feel confidence in its strength. Two more volleys and runs brought the police well out upon the open ground beyond the houses, and Annesley's high young voice sang out joyously, "I say, we'll rush it now! Charge!"

The Goorkhas shouted, and sprang forward like one man. A roar came from the pagoda. "The white police-chief! Shoot the white police-chief!" The crest of the wall lightened with a running blaze; there was a clatter of steel on the brick-paving, and Colville, pulling up short, turned to see Annesley fall tearing at the weeds. The Goorkhas, led by Masters, swept on giving yell for yell. The bayonets were left in their dead, and the kookries did what they might on backs and shoulders.

"It is not fighting," the corporal grumbled to Masters, two minutes after. "It is hunting; these dogs cannot fight."

The men were slowly drawing in from the jungle, at whose fringe Masters had stopped the pursuit. Telling the corporal to collect the dead he went back to Colville, who knelt by Annesley.

"Is he much hurt?"

A glance at the now upturned face forestalled the answer. "Dead,—there," said Colville, pointing to a blotch on the breast that showed black in the moonlight.

"Leave the guns for the Goorkhas, and we'll carry him in."

They carried the body back to the bungalow, laid it on the bed, and stood looking at each other across it.

"What is to be done next?" asked Masters.

"I suppose we ought to find out where his people live. He had some letters in his pocket."

He bent over the low camp-stretcher and drew out a budget. Masters took some of the letters, and they glanced through the enclosures.

"No clue among these; they're all in the same hand, and no surname."

"Same with this lot," said Colville, opening the last. "What's that?"

Masters picked up a card which had fallen on the dead man's body, and Colville saw it was worn ragged at the corners.

"Poor chap! No wonder he was in a hurry for his promotion," said Masters, passing it over.

Colville looked, and with shaking fingers put it back in the envelope. "Give me the rest," he said; and shaping the package, he pressed it gently back into the breast-pocket. Then they drew a blanket over the body and went out, closing the door. They helped themselves to some drink from the dining-room table, and lay down in the verandah to smoke in silence for a while.

"I say, Masters, have you got a prayer-book with you by any chance?"

An hour ago either would have laughed at the question. Now it expressed a lack that amounted to a calamity.

"Do you recollect any of,—of the prayers?"

"I suppose I could say 'and now we commit' all right; I've heard it often enough. But,—" Masters broke off with a sigh.

"It would take a man three days to go, and three to come back, if we sent him on my pony to Henzada for one."

"That's out of the question; to-morrow evening is the very latest in this weather. What are we to do? We can't bury the boy like a dog."

The smoke rose over two faces wrinkled with perplexed thought. Presently Colville sat up in his chair and tossed his cheroot away. "I have it. I'll start back to camp now and get old Peter Da Silva, the telegraph-

master, to wire out what we want. I'll come back as soon as I get it."

"Good thought! Do you think you can find your way, though?"

Colville did not doubt it in that moonlight; and accepting Masters' revolver, "lest any of those black-guards should have bolted that way," the two went down stairs to saddle the indignant pony.

"Good-night, old fellow. Keep your eyes open and the pistol handy." Colville threw his leg over the sturdy little beast (it was just twelve hands two inches high) and rode out, while the other turned and went slowly up stairs again.

It was past one, but he had no inclination to go to bed. He saw that the lamp was burning in the room where Annesley lay, and shut the door again quietly. He got the cleaning-rods and materials, and wiped out the gun and rifle Colville and he had used, and put them back into their covers. Then he threw himself into a chair and smoked for five minutes; but he could not lie still while *that* lay so much more still within a few feet of him, and he got up to pace the verandah. Passing the table where the cards remained as they had been left, he stopped. "'Gad, what a hand!" he said under his breath. "It's all trumps." The stair creaked. He looked round and saw the Goorkha corporal saluting.

"What is it?"

"Sahib, some men of the village have come back. They say one killed dacoit is the chief Boh Paw."

"I will hear their words in the morning," replied Masters; and the corporal, saluting again, went down stairs.

"Boh Paw killed," he muttered. "Poor boy! Another trump, if he'd been spared to play it."

TROUT-FISHING IN NEW ZEALAND.

NEW ZEALAND is a land which has the merit, from an English point of view, not only of receiving kindly any products that may be imported from the old country, but of reproducing them with astonishing rapidity, and of improving them in the process. We speak, be it observed, of New Zealand the country, not of the New Zealand Government or of the Labour Party that rules it, for such remarks would be wholly inapplicable to them. But New Zealand the country is the most English place out of England. Its climate is, to be sure, rather Italian than English, but its insularity (for the English are above all things insular) and its aforesaid capacity for acclimatising things English give it a flavour of home that you will find in no other British possession. "Australia!" said an old New Zealander to us once, with great contempt. "My dear sir, Australia will not grow English grass. New Zealand is the true New England;" and arbitrary as the distinction may sound, there is really something in it. For though, in contradiction to the Latin proverb, the transplanted Englishman suffers change of character under change of climate, yet none the less he loves to surround himself with all that recalls to him the land of his birth; and the more favourable his new home to the natives, animal and vegetable, of the old country, the better he is pleased. It cannot be denied, on the other hand, that New Zealand has shown itself rather too beneficent towards some of the importations from home. The thistles introduced by the sentimental Scotch, and the sweetbriar brought over by the sentimental English, both increase rather too fast, and have become, the latter especially,

public nuisances. The British sparrow makes another case in point, and so, still more lamentably, does the English rabbit. Little did those, who once gave five pounds a pair for live rabbits in New Zealand, foresee that they were preparing for the colony an annual loss of a million sterling. In a country so peculiarly ordained by nature that no four-footed thing was found there until the white man introduced it, it is easy to upset but not so easy to restore the balance of nature.

But there is one English importation, due to sentimental attachment to a national sport, which has done nothing but good in New Zealand; and that is the brown trout. The nations that angle are many; the nation that fishes with an artificial fly is but one. Wherever the Briton finds water, there he will throw a fly; and thus the obscurest streams (say, for instance, those that run through the tropical forests of the Caribbean Archipelago) make to their great astonishment the acquaintance of the March brown and coch-y-bonddhu. For centuries, probably, the life of that stream has been undisturbed; but suddenly one day a white man-of-war's boat comes in over the sandy bar, and in a few minutes an enthusiastic officer is at work with the rod, trying every stickle and stone as faithfully and scientifically as if he were on his native Dartmoor. Many are the colonial rivers, tropical and other, where Englishmen have sought to introduce British trout, but in none have they succeeded as in New Zealand. Trout-fishing is pre-eminently the sport of New Zealand, thanks to the small bands of enthusiasts who, under the name of Acclimatisation Societies, set quietly and

unpretendingly to work to stock the New Zealand rivers. It is not that your New Zealander loves no sport except trout-fishing. On the contrary he loves horse-racing, if anything, rather too dearly; and he has plenty to shoot at when he chooses to take out his gun. For, apart from indigenous wild-fowl and pigeons, pheasants, Californian quail, hares, and even red deer have been imported by the indefatigable Acclimatisation Societies; while cattle and swine have strayed into the bush, and, reverting to their primitive wildness, now afford sport that is by no means to be despised. But there are many countries which provide better shooting than New Zealand, while few can show better trout-fishing.

The classic ground of New Zealand fishing is in the South Island, chiefly in the rivers which come tearing down to the east coast from the great central range of the Southern Alps; those terrible snow waters which have given to drowning the name of "New Zealand death," to-day a mere thread in a wide desert of shingle, to-morrow a vast and furious torrent lapping over a mile of trestle bridge. It is in these rivers above all that the trout grow to be monsters. It was in one of them that one rod in a single night took ten fish weighing ninety-one pounds; it was in a lake at the head of one of them that there was netted a trout of thirty-five pounds. But these huge fish have contracted the despicable habit of refusing to take a fly, and must be entrapped with minnow or live bait, and that too at night. In the lakes the monsters refuse to look at any lure offered them by man. We have seen them cruising about of an evening picking up white moths, but we never yet heard that any man had succeeded in capturing one with a rod; and having ourselves failed disastrously in the attempt, we are of course the foremost to maintain the feat to be impossible. But in the smaller tributaries the trout will take the artificial

fly, and these are the streams preferred by the enthusiast.

The merits of the waters of the South Island have, however, been sufficiently trumpeted by others; not so the rivers of the North Island. In truth the North Island from a variety of causes, of which the Maori troubles were the chief, was not developed so rapidly as the South, and as a natural consequence lagged behind it in many ways, including the stocking of the rivers with trout. Nevertheless so much has been done in the past few years to make up for lost time that the rivers of the North begin to claim the same consideration as their sisters. It was in the North that we gained our first experience of New Zealand waters, and learned to bless the Acclimatisation Societies. For fate ordained that our residence for some years should be fixed at the capital city of Wellington; and Wellington, though by nature one of the loveliest spots on this earth, is a place from which men are always glad to escape. For in the first place it is the windiest city in the world: in the second, it is a beautiful site defaced by a hideous agglomeration of hideous buildings; and in the third it is pent in so close between lofty hills and the sea that it oppresses every one with the sense of confinement. It is only at the head of the great sound (one might almost say lake) which is called Wellington Harbour, eight miles from the town, that there is at last a break in the ring of precipitous hills, a valley, and a river; and thither accordingly rush the imprisoned of Wellington whenever they can, to enjoy a taste of freedom. The river itself is of some volume and abounds in great trout from three to fourteen pounds in weight, which unfortunately are rather shy of taking a fly. To our British eyes the water so irresistibly suggested salmon, that in defiance of all advice from experts we determined to try the big trout with a salmon-fly, and accordingly flogged it for a whole day (of course in a gale of wind) with a

Jock Scott. Nor was our labour all in vain, for we hooked and lost three good fish; but on the other hand, our creel was empty, and no one had been with us to bear us witness that New Zealand trout would rise to a salmon-fly. In vain we tried to establish this doctrine; our statement was always received with that peculiar readiness of assent which the courteous sceptic assumes to save an informant from the vain repetition of unprofitable falsehood.

But very soon we were introduced to another and far more attractive stream, where fish would take a trout-fly, in a valley lying without our prison-wall of hills. Wainui-o-mata (great water of mata, whatever mata may signify) is its Maori name, generally abridged simply to Wainui. This was the favourite refuge of enthusiastic fishermen in Wellington, when they could escape from the eternal blast and dust of the town; the river being distant but a short half hour by rail, and a short nine miles further by road. The country all round Wellington, though steep and picturesque, is decidedly barren and desolate, the soil being sour yellow clay of the most malignant type. Fifty years ago it was covered with virgin forest; but most of it has been cleared, and the hills now carry little but gaunt charred stumps buried in a tangle of thistles and bracken. Why men should have cleared such miserable country it is hard to understand; but clear it they did, and thus not only opened the Wainui river, but left a little group of plank huts behind them by the water-side, which serve for a camp for the brotherhood of the rod. These huts (known by the Maori name of whares) were, it is true, a little decrepit, and strictly speaking neither wind nor water-tight. Moreover there was always the pleasing prospect that they might catch fire at any moment, the very chimneys being built of wood, and choked with pitchy timber-soot. But the New Zealander loves camping-out, and

thinks lightly of such drawbacks as these when a day's sport is to the fore.

It was on a certain 30th of September that we were first introduced to Wainui-o-mata; for the first of October marks the opening of the fishing-season in Wellington and is looked forward to as a great day. On that particular occasion the fishermen mustered in great force, some eighteen or twenty strong, half being of English, half of native New Zealand birth. On arriving at the water that evening every man was careful to inform his neighbour that he, individually, should make for bed early, so as to be first in the river and have the pick of the water next morning. Vain resolve! The sun was hardly down when by some mysterious attraction the whole party of old-countrymen found themselves gathered together in one whare, there to exchange experiences. It was a curious and intensely interesting company; for there were few trades which one or other had not tried, few lands which one or other had not visited. They had fought in India, South America, and New Zealand; they had worked before the mast; they had been bullock-punchers in the South Island, shepherds in New South Wales, stock-riders in Queensland, overseers in Demerara, gold-diggers at Ballarat, editors, surveyors, school-teachers, and what not. So log after log was piled on the fire, and the whisky went round and round, till at last one of the party pulled out his watch and announced that the time was 1 A.M., whereupon there was a hasty adjournment to bunks and blankets.

Fortunately before dawn the wind went round suddenly to the south, which not only covered the hills above us with snow, but drove so keen a blast through the chinks of the plank-huts as to rouse every soul within. So by six o'clock a shivering half-naked figure was in front of every door, splitting kindling-wood for a fire; and half an hour later every soul

was on the river. Naturally there was but a small portion of unflogged water available for each rod; but to us, being a stranger, colonial hospitality had characteristically assigned and reserved one of the prettiest reaches on the stream. At the same time we were duly warned not to expect too much on our first essay, for that Englishmen rarely succeeded on New Zealand waters until they had added colonial to English experience. It was therefore with no great expectations that we put on our two old friends, the March brown and black gnat, and prepared for action. And yet it was difficult to believe that Wainui really required exceptional treatment. There it was, just such a rapid mountain stream as one meets in a Devonshire moor, its waters of the same peaty brown, a shade darkened by incessant washing of charred logs, and nowhere so wide but that a fly could be thrown with ease from one bank to the other. So we set our head up stream and made our first cast under a huge charred trunk against the opposite bank. A fish would be at home there in England, but in New Zealand? Yes, he is at home in New Zealand too. Down goes the black gnat with a desperate rush towards the bank. No, my friend! You are a good deal heavier than the fish we look for in English streams of this class, but you shall not go under the bank. He fights desperately with all the dash of a moorland and the weight of a chalk-stream trout; but very soon he slips into the net, firm, fat, and well-shaped, a pound and a half in weight. Not a bad beginning! So we work our way up with the comfortable assurance that English experience is sufficient in Wainui, and presently have hold of another fish, and then another; till we cover the short reach allotted to us and are brought up short by the dam of the reservoir which supplies Wellington with water. The very best water is above us, but young New Zealand has been busy there since 4.30 A.M., so we

must be content with what we have got, and wait for another day, when fewer rods will be on the water. In the reservoir itself we can see fish bigger than any we have caught, but they are not to be tempted with a fly; so as man after man comes up, we compare notes and creels, and find that with nine fish weighing twelve pounds we have done as well as any of them. Nor is it until a keen little New Zealander, who started upward from the dam before any one else was up, throws some sixteen pounds' weight of trout on the ground with the complaint that he has not done much good, that we wake to the fact that our catch is but a trifling one.

Such was our first experience of New Zealand trout-fishing, the first of many days that were to make Wainui as familiar to us as the Devon stream on whose banks we were bred. Very soon we were one of a small band that confined itself to the upper waters only. For Wainui was rather a mysterious river. Above the reservoir, though the water was smaller, yet the fish, albeit less plentiful, were much heavier, as well as more difficult to capture. The higher one went, the less thoroughly the bush had been cleared, and the throwing of a fly became more awkward, while progress of any kind without wading became impossible. Moreover the water was not a little choked by fallen trees and snags, all of which told considerably in favour of the fish and against the fisherman. Thus the majority of men were discouraged from trying their luck in so unpromising a field, and willingly left it to those who were weak enough to prefer it. But there was a strange fascination about that upper water. Below, one might without extraordinary effort of imagination have fancied one's self in England; though to be sure there was not the busy bird life of water-ousels, waterhens, kingfishers and herons which cheers an English stream. But above, one was unmistakably in New Zealand, moving at every step nearer

to untrodden bush and further from the haunts of men; alone in a silence broken only by the music of the water and the inimitable piping note of the tui, the sweetest song-bird of New Zealand. Within the space of our own life this valley had been a pathless forest with impassable undergrowth of vines and supple-jacks; and now the blackened bones of that forest stared at us reproachfully from river, bank, and hill, lying thicker and thicker as the limit of destruction was at last reached, and the living trees stood across stream and valley to bar further progress.

And there one was, with a ten-foot rod bearing the name of a maker in the Strand, and the same tackle, nay the identical flies, that one would have employed in the beloved Devon river thirteen thousand miles away, casting for a trout under a tree-fern as though there had never been such people as Maoris or such things as Maori wars. And overhead was a blue Italian sky and a blazing sun which in England would have made the water too bright, but in New Zealand seems only to encourage fish to rise the better. Such fish they were too in that water! No pool seemed to hold more than two, but these two, or at least one of them, could be caught, and rarely weighed less than three pounds. It was anxious and delicate work: one had to entice them from under the snags and hurry them away into safer water; one had to wheedle them into staying in safe water when one could find it, or pursue them breathless and desperate when they took it into their heads to follow the swift rush of the torrent down to the next pool and the next again; for one cannot bully a heavy fish with light tackle. Regularly on every fresh day we found two fresh fish established in each pool in place of the two captured on the last visit; whence they came we knew not, but there they were, awaiting our pleasure. Three-pounders were the least for which we looked; four-pounders were frequent enough; five-

pounders by no means unknown; and finally, in a deep pit at the very head of the fishable water abutting on the forest, was a monster whom many had hooked but none had taken. We too had a tussle with him in the course of our career; and we well remember the shiver of fright with which we saw him come up from the brown depths, seize the black gnat, and retire to the depths once more. For fully ten minutes we managed to persuade him that it was to his true interest to cruise quietly about the little pool till he felt quite tired, and we saw him in shallow water at our feet,—at least an eight-pounder, as we judged on comparing him mentally with a five-pounder already taken on that day. But alas! he took it into his head to go downward, and the outlet of the pool was hardly six feet across, deep and swift and penned in between huge felled trees. Inch by inch he fought his way down, and nearer and nearer he drew to his refuge under one of them. For a long time the tackle held, light though it was and impaired by a journey half round the world, and for a moment there seemed a chance that the fight might yet be prolonged to the next pool. But at the supreme moment, just as he seemed about to yield, the gut parted and the great fish was gone. How exultingly the sand-flies seemed to attack us as we sorrowfully sat down to repair damages, too heavily smitten for tears or oaths. We sought refuge in tobacco, while a tui perched on a bush close by burst into song; first practising fifths as his way is, then wilfully breaking down and ending with a mocking laugh, which to our ears sounded heartlessly insulting. Many times after that day we tried to tempt that great trout again, but without success; no lost opportunity is more hopelessly irrecoverable than one's biggest fish.

But after all, when one could count on taking on a decent day from twenty to forty pounds' weight of trout either on the upper or the lower water, one could

afford to leave Wainui in possession of her unique monster. We must now notice certain peculiarities about these Wainui trout. In the first place those caught above the dam, though fat and thick and not ill-shaped, are peculiarly ruddy in colour, in fact as red as an unclean salmon. Secondly, Wainui fish in general, though their flesh is pink and firm, are singularly uninteresting to eat. Various theories have been propounded to account for this, of which the most sensible, in our judgment, is that these trout cannot get down to the sea. The fish below the dam can of course get down to the 'mouth of the river, but this is closed by a shingle bar which, though occasionally washed away by a flood, is soon reformed by the action of the surf. But the fish above the dam may be said practically to be imprisoned by it. Nay, it may be asked, but what do ordinary trout want with the sea? We can only reply that these New Zealand trout do beyond all question go down to the sea. They have been caught on the coast of the South Island, sixteen miles from the mouth of any river; and we have ourselves seen them netted out of Wellington harbour, unmistakable red-spotted trout, not sea-trout, in beautiful condition. Some account for this peculiarity by saying that the stock from which these fish were bred came from the Thames; and that they are not trout, but land-locked salmon, which, from long exclusion from salt water, have (to use an expressive phrase) "gone back to trout." But it is not certain either that Thames trout are land-locked salmon, or that New Zealand trout are sprung exclusively from that stock.

Now comes the further complication that the true salmon has never yet been successfully domiciled in New Zealand waters. Why not? Because, it is said, the New Zealand seas do so abound in voracious fish, barracouta, sharks, and the like, that the salmon has no chance of returning undevoured from his first visit to the salt water.

But if trout can pass through such an ordeal unscathed, why cannot salmon? It is possible that the trout do not venture to sea so early as the salmon, but only when they have attained to years of discretion and are able to take care of themselves. There must be some reason, could one but discover it. A few years ago there was much talk of trying to solve this problem in New Zealand by an experiment on a grand scale; to wit, by turning down a quarter of a million salmon-fry at once into an unstocked river, and awaiting results. Whether this plan has been put in practice or not we are unable to say; the experiment would be interesting, though expensive, and should lead to some decisive conclusion.

But whatever the fate of the true salmon, it seems to us possible, nay, likely, that the English trout in New Zealand may develope, so to speak, a salmonhood of their own. This view is one which has occurred to many; and has been confirmed in our minds as in that of others, by study of certain trout taken in the Southern rivers. Of one in particular, an eight-pounder, we have a very lively recollection. He seemed to have shed the red spots almost entirely, and to have taken to himself a silver dress more like a salmon's than a trout's. We tried hard to make him out to be a sea-trout: we would gladly have thought him a salmon; but we could not conscientiously pronounce him to be either. That the river in which he was caught had never been stocked with salmon or sea-trout was an objection that we were prepared to waive, on the ground that he might have strayed thither through the sea from some other river. But this fish, though a puzzle, could not be mistaken for either of these. He was well-shaped and in perfect condition, but his flesh was bright orange, and he had not the perfection of form that belongs to the salmon; for there is no denying the fact that a big trout is an ugly, underbred, plebeian brute compared to his aristocratic relation.

"My dear, we never even speak of them, if we can help it," says the lady-salmon of the trout in *The Water Babies*, and proceeds to trace the degeneration of these despised kinsmen to the sloth which kept them from the annual journey to the sea. The phrase always occurs to us when we see salmon and trout side by side; but while pondering over this eight-pounder, it seemed to us that the English trout were rising on stepping stones of Southern seas to higher things.

Finally there is just a very faint foreboding of danger ahead that has occurred to more than one thoughtful fisherman in New Zealand; namely whether the astonishing progress and development of the trout in New Zealand waters may not be succeeded by as rapid a decline and fall. For after all is said and done we know singularly little, even in this omniscient nineteenth century, on the subject of acclimatisation, whether of men or fish or plants. We have already spoken of the bounty of the New Zealand climate towards alien animals and plants imported from England; but there always remains the question whether these strangers may not, so to speak, be killed by too much kindness. Thistles, for instance, once thrive in New Zealand with as appalling fecundity and strength as rabbits; but now men of experience will tell you that you have only to let thistles run riot for a time, and that they will soon die out. Rabbits, unfortunately, show no signs of dying out; but it is possible that even their disappearance may be only a matter of time, though such a contingency cannot be reckoned on. But in the matter of trout we have been told of rivers in the South, which were stocked early and left almost untouched, wherein the trout have disappeared completely with the exception of a few useless old monsters. However this may be, the fish-hatcheries are always at hand to stock such rivers afresh; so on this score one may make one's self comparatively

easy. Moreover, as population spreads in New Zealand,—spreads, be it observed, not multiplies in overgrown towns after the fashion of Australia and England—fishing should become common enough to keep the rivers properly thinned, more especially when the people really wake to the fact that the trout are a source of national wealth.

And this leads us to our last word about New Zealand trout, namely as to the dangers that may threaten them from the action of men. That there should be a good deal of poaching is of course no more than could be expected, for where labour is so dear it is impossible that the rivers can be efficiently watched. The Acclimatisation Societies were compelled in self-defence to call upon the State to protect their work, and the State duly provided the necessary statutes. But it is one thing to pass an Act of Parliament, and another to carry it into effect; and we fear that the colonial working man, in whose hand the future of New Zealand lies, is inclined to be jealous of rod-fishermen. It is not that either fish or fishermen do him the least harm; on the contrary both bring money into the country; but fishing seems to him to be an aristocratic pleasure, and it is resented accordingly. If this resentment took no more serious form than occasional netting or spearing, there would be little to complain of, though some damage has already been done by netting on a large scale. But when it comes to wholesale and wanton destruction with lime or explosives, the affair assumes a different aspect altogether. Unfortunately, too, there is not one magistrate in twenty who has the courage to enforce the law, even if a case be brought before them, in protection of the trout; and not one minister in forty who would have the backbone to uphold the magistrate, if the latter were seriously attacked. The New Zealanders have many virtues, but moral courage is not one of them; for alas! moral

courage is not a plant that thrives on an ultra-democratic soil. It is a pity, for the trout, as we have said, are become a source of national wealth, and the rod-fishermen would gladly see every man in New Zealand take his share of it, so the work of the Acclimatisation Societies be not utterly undone by mere ignorant selfishness.

Lastly, there is always the danger of too much interference from the State. It is always possible that the frantic jealousy which the State feels towards private associations of any kind in the Australasian colonies may damp the ardour of those who have the welfare of the trout most truly at heart. Even four years ago the Acclimatisation Societies were informed that they must be converted into Fishery Boards, so as to bring them more completely under the thumb of the reigning minister,—a change which no one who knows the ways of New Zealand ministers can fail to regret. When one reflects that more than one salmon-river in England has been ruined by the basest form of petty party wire-pulling that ever was dignified by the name of Politics, one cannot but feel

a little anxious sometimes as to the fate of the New Zealand waters. Ministers meanwhile are certainly alive to the importance of preserving the trout, for the fish make a conspicuous figure in the coloured advertisements of New Zealand's glories; and so long as individual enthusiasm is not crushed by official ignorance, the trout are safe. It is to be hoped, too, that the sea-fisheries of New Zealand may before long be developed, for hitherto, though the coasts swarm with fish, they have hardly been touched. At present the few sea-fishermen are mostly foreigners, presumably because the profits of the trade are too small to tempt the luxurious Briton; and this is a misfortune because it identifies the industry with a foreign element; and a foreign element means a block vote. The rise of a real fishing-industry and the formation of a fishing-interest would do more to establish the importance of the trout than anything else; for the brotherhood of the net might then discover that they had as much to gain from the abundance of trout as the brotherhood of the rod.

THE WICKED CARDINAL.

"AFTER six days' reflection I determined to do evil deliberately." Most men, when they range themselves among the goats, make no formal notification of the fact; but Paul de Gondì had peculiar notions as to what was right and seemly. He must also have had a keen dramatic instinct, or he would hardly have chosen that special moment for devoting himself to the evil powers. Six days before, he had been appointed Coadjutor, or Archbishop-designate, of Paris, and had then retired from the world to fit himself, as he said, by prayer and meditation for the duties of his office. It was during this retreat that he arrived at the determination to sternly uproot any sentimental preference for righteous dealing he might hitherto have entertained. His old companion, la Rochefoucauld, would have smiled at the thought of the process being necessary; but then la Rochefoucauld was of a cynical turn and had little faith in others, and none at all in Paul de Gondì. The Parisians were more lenient in their judgment, perhaps more just; and in their eyes the new Coadjutor was the very ideal of all that was brilliant, kindly, and true. They hailed his appointment as a personal compliment to themselves: the clergy of the town went in solemn procession to thank the Queen Regent for giving them such a chief; and, what was much more significant, craftsmen, traders, marketwomen, nay, the very dregs of the population, flocked around her palace with loud cries of gratitude for the favour shown to "our good Gondì." The people kissed his stirrup as he rode through the town, and in later years, when evil days had come upon him, great ladies sold their jewels to bribe his gaolers, while men begged,

cheated, stole, nay, even worked, to supply him with money.

Paul de Gondì must be a terrible stumbling-block to a certain class of theorists. According to them he ought to have been a model of all Christian virtues. His father, Philippe de Gondì, was one of the best of men, honest, brave, and profoundly pious; his mother was a good and gentle lady, whose whole life was devoted to deeds of charity; and his first tutor was a saint. Some of the old Gondìs, it is true, had been by no means creditable personages; but then they had lived in Florence, where the climate is against the cultivation of moral qualities. One of them, a certain Albert de Gondì, had played an important part in arranging the episode of St. Bartholomew's Eve. He was wont later to speak of that day's proceedings as being of a very unsatisfactory nature; had Catherine de Medici but given him a free hand, he used to say, he would have extirpated heresy root and branch. His fervent zeal for the holy Church did not, however, prevent his entering at the favourable moment the service of the heretic King. Paul de Gondì's grandmother, too, was a notable woman in her day; an angel for beauty, a fox for cunning, and a devil for cruelty. It was perhaps from her that he inherited that subtle fascination of manner which no woman, and few men, could ever resist.

Paul de Gondì, or de Retz, as he was styled after his brother became heir to that dukedom, was born at Montmirel in Brie, on the 20th of September 1613. A few days later, a certain young abbé, one Vincent de Paul, took up his residence in the castle as tutor to the Count de Gondì's sons. "I care nothing for earthly

learning," the Countess said to him, as she bade him welcome. "All I wish is that you should fit my sons to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The future saint no doubt did his best to obey the mother's injunction, but he failed lamentably; skilful teacher though he was, he could not manage the young de Gondis. Perhaps they were endowed with more than their fair share of natural perversity; at any rate by the time Paul was twelve years old, their conduct had become so outrageous that, in spite of the entreaties of the Count and Countess, the abbé went his way, shaking off the very dust from his feet, as a testimony against his pupils. This was a piece of singular ingratitude on his part, if he had only known it; for it was to his ceaseless struggles with these turbulent young ruffians that he owed in part, at least, his infinite patience in dealing with human frailty, a quality which went far to win for him his place among the saints.

Three years before the tutor's departure, M. de Gondi's second son had been killed in the hunting-field, an irreparable misfortune for his younger brother Paul, who thus became the cadet of his family. Among the Gondis the cadets always entered the Church. It was not, however, until he was fourteen that Paul began to realise all that this meant. At that time several rich ecclesiastical sinecures, which belonged to his family, were given to him; and probably his father tried to make him understand the responsibility entailed by their possession. The result was open rebellion. The boy swore fiercely that no power in heaven or on earth should make him enter the Church. But paternal authority was a different thing in those days, and the Count de Gondi was as determined as his son. Paul soon learned that in an open contest with his father he was at a hopeless disadvantage. He therefore changed his tactics; since it was useless to refuse

the priesthood, he resolved that the priesthood should be refused to him. For nine years of his life, from fourteen to twenty-three, he devoted all his energy and ingenuity to proving to the world in general, and to the Holy Roman Church in particular, his unfitness for the office. Society was not easily scandalised in those days, but it literally stood aghast at the life led by the young priest. There was no bound or limit to the wickedness into which he plunged. At an age when an English boy would have had no thought beyond his games, he was deep in every kind of intrigue. He attempted to carry off the sister of his brother's wife, hoping that his marriage with her would be an insuperable bar to the vows of celibacy. He wore the colours of women of doubtful reputation, and for their sakes fought duels with all comers. He was implicated in disgraceful incidents of every kind, and openly boasted of his evil doings; all the care men usually employ to hide their vices, he employed to make his public. But it was all in vain: as he pathetically observes, "I could not get rid of my cassock."

It is strange that his father, who was a conscientious man, should in spite of his son's courses have persisted in forcing "the most unpriestly soul perhaps in Christendom," as Paul styles himself, to become a priest. The Count, however, seems to have been firmly convinced that it was the one means of saving him from eternal damnation. He himself retired into a monastery when his wife died.

In the midst of this dissipation Paul de Retz suddenly declared his intention of exercising his right of preaching before the court on Ascension Day. This announcement, which was regarded as a huge joke, threw his friends into a perfect fever of anxiety. To their astonishment, however, the sermon was most successful, and even in its way a masterpiece of eloquence. The ladies of the court sobbed aloud as they listened to the oddly pathetic

pleadings of this strange young abbé of whom such marvellous stories were told. It was about this time that, as if to show his scorn for the powers that be, he threw down the glove to the great Cardinal. Richelieu seems at first to have been attracted by his brilliant young subordinate, although when he read his *Fiesque* he pronounced him a dangerous individual. Still he sent him friendly messages inviting him to the palace. But de Retz studiously ignored these advances; nay, he did more, he carried off the honours of the Sorbonne from Richelieu's protégé (a high crime in those days), and at last as a crowning act of defiance, began openly to woo the lady whom the Cardinal honoured with his regard. Then his friends interfered, and smuggled him out of the country; and only just in time if the Bastille were to be avoided.

In Italy he continued at first the life he had led in Paris. He narrowly escaped assassination at Venice owing to an intrigue with "the prettiest woman in the world"; and the first thing he did in Rome was to quarrel with the German ambassador. Up to this time he seems to have been merely a reckless young libertine, whose one object in life was to escape from a profession he detested. While under the influence of the Vatican, however, he changed, developed would perhaps be a better word, and began to show signs of the boundless ambition which distinguished him later. News had come of the illness of Richelieu, and, boy though he was (he was only twenty-three), his imagination was fired. Why should not he rule France as Cardinal-Minister, when this other Cardinal was gone? We hear little for the time being of his leaving the Church; nay, he even throws himself with ardour into the study of theology, and begins to consort with churchmen. After his return to France he added that of conspirator to his other parts, for, finding that Richelieu, instead of dying, was stronger than ever, de Retz was easily persuaded to join

the plot by which Louis de Bourbon hoped to rid the King of his autocratic minister. The special duty which fell to de Retz's share in this conspiracy was to win over the populace, and he performed it triumphantly. An aunt of his, the Marquise de Maignelai, who devoted her life to visiting the poor, was surprised one day by her nephew volunteering to accompany her on her rounds. During the months that followed the old lady and the young priest might have been seen in the poorest districts, making their way from door to door, distributing alms and kindly words. It was while on these expeditions that the future Cardinal learned to understand the people, the great mass whose very existence, as he bitterly complains, ministers and courtiers chose to ignore. Ruthless though he might be in his dealings with the great, with the humble he was infinitely pitiful; for he, perhaps more than any man of his century, realised the terrible suffering of the poor, realised, too, the terrible power that very suffering places in their hands. The poor have keen eyes, and it was a true instinct that made them choose de Retz as their hero. To others he might be false, to them he was true; he might use them for his own ends, but he never misused them; they were always in his eyes human beings, nay, brothers.

Meanwhile the plots had come to naught. The first, to assassinate Richelieu, failed through an accident; the second, to raise a rebellion, was rendered futile by the death of Louis de Bourbon. The failure of these plots had considerable influence in deciding de Retz to remain in the Church. He hated his profession as much as ever, but he was now twenty-six, too old, he thought, to change it. Then, two of his pretty friends had just played him false; "Enough to make any man forswear the world," as he says. "I became quite a reformed character, at least as far as appearances went," he continues. "I did not pretend to

be a saint, for I was not sure how long I could act up to the part, but I professed the greatest veneration for saints, and that in their eyes is a great proof of piety. I could not get along without my fun ;" but at least he threw a veil of decency over his intrigues. Debates were then all the fashion, and the Abbé de Retz had the good luck to come off victorious from one with the famous Huguenot leader, Mestrizat, so that grave ecclesiastics began to smile upon him as one who, free-lance though he were, was doing good service to the cause ; and his old tutor, St. Vincent de Paul, was heard to remark, "He has not enough religion, but he is not very far from the kingdom of God."

So long as Richelieu lived de Retz's way to advancement was barred ; but, after the Cardinal's death in 1642, he rose high in the King's good graces. Louis the Thirteenth had long regarded him with secret favour, owing to the chivalrous generosity he had once shown to a young girl who had been betrayed into his hands by her relatives. De Retz was paying his court to her, but the moment he discovered she would be an unwilling victim, he took her to the convent of which his aunt was abbess, and never saw her again. This incident, coming to the King's knowledge, had made a great impression upon him. De Retz's star was now in the ascendant ; his uncle, the Archbishop of Paris, was an old man, and stood sorely in need of a coadjutor. The King had every wish to bestow the office upon his new favourite, but then his conversion had been so very recent ; for decency's sake the affair must not be hurried. Almost the last command Louis issued when he was dying was that the Queen-Regent should appoint de Retz coadjutor. This secured to him the primacy of France after his uncle's death.

The new Coadjutor's lot was no easy one. Archbishop Gondi was both vicious and stupid ; he was too indolent to work himself, and too jealous to allow others to do his work

for him. "I found," writes de Retz, "the archbishopric of Paris from a worldly point of view degraded by my uncle's vileness, and from a spiritual point suffering grievously in consequence of his idleness and stupidity. . . . I foresaw endless obstacles to the reformation of the diocese, and I was not so blind as not to know that the greatest and most formidable obstacle of all lay in my own nature." He dearly loved extremes ; and it was the knowledge that he could never attain the perfection of his ideal bishop, that drove him to do evil deliberately.

Verily the children of the world are wiser than the children of light. No saint could have done his duty in the diocese more thoroughly than this "perfect fiend," as Anne of Austria used to style the Coadjutor. He set to work at once to redress grievances, and to force his uncle to consent to many pressing reforms. He preached the gospel eloquently, if he did not follow his own precepts ; nay, to some extent he did follow them, though in his own fashion. His charity was unbounded ; his hospitality knew no stint ; the humblest curé was welcomed to his house as a brother ; the most lowly was treated there with kindly courtesy. "But I stood too well with Paris to stand long well with the court," he says with truth. From the first Mazarin regarded him with jealous eyes, and there was soon open warfare between the two.

The French nobles, de Retz among the rest, had fallen into the mistake of underrating Mazarin's ability. They had begun by treating him with contemptuous toleration, as a hard-working hireling, and they never realised that he could be a danger to the State, until the Queen-Regent was already hopelessly in his power, whether through love or fear is to this day a mystery. Then, when it was too late, their rage and indignation blazed forth fiercely, and they resolved at any cost to drive the Italian from power. Monsieur, the

late King's brother, took the lead among the nobles; de Retz rallied the people to the cause; while all the great ladies of the day threw themselves eagerly into the contest. Nothing was heard in Paris but one loud clamour for the dismissal of Mazarin. But the Queen had already thrown in her lot for better or worse with her favourite; she either could not, or would not, desert him.

Then came the Fronde, gayest, maddest, most reckless, and most ruthless of civil wars; a war distinguished for the treachery with which it was conducted, for the meanness of the objects it was to achieve, and for the strange mingling of cowardice and daring, egotism and devotion, baseness and chivalry, in the characters of its leaders. Madame de Longueville was its heroine, Monsieur its nominal hero, Madame de Sévigné its benevolent observer, la Rochefoucauld its candid friend; while Paul de Retz was at once its originator and director.

There was no lack of pretext for the war, even without the true one, hatred of Mazarin. Injustice was rife on all sides; the court was recklessly extravagant; the people were dying of starvation, yet the Queen would give five hundred thousand crowns to strolling comedians. Men's minds were excited moreover by the news of what measure the English had meted out to the favourite of their King; and such examples are contagious. The immediate cause of the outbreak was the arrest by Mazarin of Pierre Broussel, a parliamentary leader who had opposed an increase of taxation. This arrest was a mistake in tactics, of which de Retz was not slow to take advantage. Accompanied by the curés of the diocese, he went at once to the Queen to demand the surrender of Broussel. "I would sooner strangle him with my own two hands," replied Anne of Austria fiercely; but she changed her mind when she saw that she was face to face with a revolution. Already the people were barricading the streets, and de Retz was by their

side, in full canonicals, giving the episcopal benediction to the work. The Regent's conduct proved the truth of the Coadjutor's favourite maxim, "The weak never yield at the right time." She surrendered her prisoner, but not until it was too late: the people had tasted the delights of anarchy, and were in no hurry to return to law and order; and, what was still more important, de Retz had discovered that anarchy was his true element.

As he again and again confesses, he was a born conspirator; he absolutely revelled in party strife, and he soon developed a marvellous genius as a leader. Before long the princes, the nobles, the parliament, the people, even the amazons of the party, were as mere puppets in his hands; he held the strings, and could make them dance at will. During the months that followed the Queen's flight he ruled Paris. Not all his subjects were willing: the Duc d'Aumale and Monsieur le Prince, both sworn enemies of his, more than once attempted to rid themselves of him by murder; Mazarin's agents were plotting against him everywhere; while Madame de Chevreuse, with many another, was in turn his warm friend and bitter foe. Amidst all these dangers his old friends, —watermen, tapsters, and the like—did him good service. They guarded his house, escorted his carriage, and even when he was in the parliament, always remained within hail.

The royal army marched against Paris, and de Retz raised at his own expense a regiment to oppose it; "the Corinthians" he called his troops, and their first defeat, "the first of Corinthians." War now began in earnest. There were sieges and counter-sieges, blockades, battles, even treaties of alliance with foreign powers. If ever there were a man content with his handiwork, it was de Retz in those days. The Emperor made much of him; Spain flattered him; the Stuarts intrigued with him; even Cromwell sought his friendship. "I know only one man in the world

who despises me," Cromwell was once heard to say, "and he is Cardinal de Retz." The Coadjutor, however, soon found to his cost that "in party warfare it is harder to get along with one's friends than to fight against one's enemies." From the first it was apparent that the only bond that held the rebels together was hatred of Mazarin; and the moment Mazarin ceased to be feared, they were ready to turn and rend each other. Even Monsieur was no better than the rest. Again and again the Coadjutor's most skilfully laid plans were thwarted by the timid hesitation and childish jealousy of his nominal chief. Every Frondeur had his pet ambition, every Frondeuse her pet vanity, and these must all be gratified, no matter at what cost to the community. Little wonder that de Retz began soon to lend a ready ear to Anne of Austria's advances. She was willing to pay a high price (a cardinal's hat among other things) for his friendship, and he was too heartily wearied of the mean egotism of his allies to feel much scruple about deserting them. Still, to his credit it must be said that he did his best to gain good terms for them.

Anne of Austria had a talent for intrigue which came into full play during her intercourse with de Retz. It was important both to her and to him that the world at large should know as little as possible of their negotiations; she therefore received him at midnight in a lonely convent, and there she would pass hours closeted with him alone. At his entreaty she returned to the capital, without Mazarin of course, and soon it began to be whispered about that he had supplanted the absent Cardinal. Madame de Chevreuse was at this time heart and soul in de Retz's service, and she undertook to make the Queen believe that he had conceived for her Majesty a passionate attachment. She persuaded him to assume the part of a despairing lover, and the Queen, far from being offended by his sighs and

amorous glances, was only the more lavish of her smiles. De Retz's hopes rose high; already he saw himself ruler of France, dictator of Europe, supreme in the Church. He was an optimist by nature, and, as we know by later events, absurdly overrated his chances. Still the ball of fortune certainly lay for one moment at his feet; only for one, though; the next, a woman's jealous spite had hurled it miles beyond his reach.

"Mdlle. de Chevreuse, who had more beauty than wit, was practically a fool." This is de Retz's judgment of the woman who had no small share in ruining his life. During the days of the siege, she had been his warmest friend (his devoted lover, said his enemies), but then she was a woman who changed her friends as she changed her gowns, and had a fancy for burning them both alike when tired of them. She was hugely delighted at first with de Retz's scheme for taking Mazarin's place, but before long, either through jealousy or the desire of circumventing her mother, she resolved to thwart it. Her plan of operation was simple. She told a friend, who she knew would repeat it to the Queen, that she had often heard de Retz ridicule her Majesty as "*Une vraie Suisse* (a Flanders Mare)," and laugh at the idea of any man being in love with her. Mdlle. de Chevreuse died a few weeks later of a mysterious disease which the indiscreet called poison; but her object was achieved. Anne of Austria never forgave what she held to be a piece of flagrant treachery on de Retz's part. She did not quarrel with him openly; she was too cunning a diplomatist for that; he was still received at court, but he was subjected there to many petty slights, and was clearly allowed to see that Mazarin was again omnipotent. This was a bitter blow for the Coadjutor. He had forfeited much of his popularity among his fellows by paying court to the Regent, and what had he gained in exchange? Not even a cardinal's hat!

Chaos now reigned supreme in Paris. The princes were arrested, released, threatened with exile, and then became more powerful than ever. Finding himself helpless in the general confusion, de Retz washed his hands of all worldly affairs, and retired to the monastery of Notre Dame.

He could not stay there long. In Mazarin's eyes a blow to a woman's vanity was no unpardonable offence, and he forced the Queen to appeal to the Coadjutor for help to free herself from the tyranny of the princes. De Retz was not deceived by the Queen's promises; but he saw that peace must be restored, and that could only be done by siding with her against the princes. He set to work at once as a general reconciler. He made speeches without end, wrote pamphlets without number, to show that of all the evils that can befall a nation anarchy is the worst, and that anarchy could only be avoided by all classes rallying around the throne. His voice had lost none of its old magic; and when the young King entered Paris, he met with an enthusiastic welcome.

The Queen was profuse in her expressions of gratitude. She even gave de Retz his nomination for the coveted cardinalate; but she gave it with the firm intention of revoking it before it could be acted upon. In that however she counted without her host. Pope Innocent was a warm friend of the Coadjutor; he hastily summoned a consistory and gave him the hat, although he knew that the Queen's withdrawal of the nomination was already in the Vatican. Once a cardinal always a cardinal; the Regent and her minister might gnash their teeth as they chose; Paul de Gondi assumed the purple as Cardinal de Retz.

As soon as Mazarin was in Paris, he and the Queen resolved at any cost to rid themselves of the presence of the new Cardinal. At first they tried bribes, offering to pay his debts, and to appoint him with a high salary guardian of the King's interests in

Italy, if he would leave France for three years. De Retz's only reply was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. A bold stroke was then resolved upon. He was summoned to the palace, and was arrested in the very ante-chamber of the Queen on the 19th of December 1652. The news of his arrest spread consternation in the city; the populace clamoured fiercely for his release, and there were all the signs of a general insurrection. But cunning Mazarin effectually quelled the disturbance by causing it to be made known that unless people were quiet their favourite would be straightway shot.

De Retz was taken to the strong fortress of Vincennes, where he was treated with great cruelty. In the coldest weather he was not allowed to have a fire; his food was coarse and scanty; his life was frequently threatened; and his gaolers, evidently acting under orders, subjected him to all sorts of petty annoyances. He must have had a fund of philosophic gaiety in his nature, for even when things were at the worst, he could crack jokes, and make fun of the most ferocious of his guardians. He found occupation in studying the classics, and amusement in tending pet rabbits and pigeons. Meanwhile his friends were active. The clergy of Paris, in spite of the prohibition of the Archbishop who was glad to be quit of his nephew, presented a unanimous petition to the Queen praying for his release; the parliament demanded that he should be put upon his trial, if he had done aught amiss; the people growled ominously when the Regent appeared, and greeted her with loud cries for their favourite. The citizens to a man were on his side, but they lacked a leader; and his most powerful friends preferred relying upon diplomacy, rather than force, for his release.

De Retz was not handsome; he tells us himself that his ugliness was the jest of the court; but no man was ever more loved by women, and their

love stood him in good stead when he was in prison. By a lavish use of money, smiles, and every form of cajolery, some of them, with Madame de Pommereux at their head, established in the very teeth of Mazarin a regular system by which he was informed of what was passing in the outside world. It was by their assistance that he was able to secure for himself the Archbishopric. His uncle died somewhat suddenly one morning at four o'clock. At six o'clock Mazarin's agents presented themselves to take possession of the see; but they were just one hour too late; Paul de Retz had already been enthroned by proxy as primate. His friends had obtained, by the aid of an upholsterer, his signature to the necessary documents.

The rage of the court knew no bounds. The election was perfectly valid, and no power on earth could annul it; the only thing to be done was by bribes or threats to induce the new Archbishop to resign his see. Mazarin was equally liberal with both. At first de Retz staunchly refused to yield one iota of his rights; but at the end of a year the close confinement began to tell upon his strength, and, worn out mentally and physically, he signed his resignation. In return the rigour of his imprisonment was at once relaxed, and a promise was given to him in the King's name that, so soon as the Pope had accepted his resignation, he should be set at liberty and receive the revenues of seven abbacies. When de Retz signed this agreement, he was perfectly well aware that the Pope would annul it. He was taken from Vincennes to Nantes, where he was treated with great consideration. But imprisonment to a man of his restless disposition was intolerable, and, once convinced that between the obstinacy of the court and of the Vatican he had no chance of release, he determined to make his escape. By the aid of a cord he lowered himself from the top of the tower in

broad daylight. It chanced that a man was drowning in the river at that moment, and, in the general excitement, the Cardinal's flight remained unnoticed. But, although out of the prison he was by no means out of danger, for the country side was thronged with the King's troops, and de Retz was too well known to escape detection. But, as usual, popular sympathy was on his side, and more than once as he passed the cry was raised, "Good luck, my lord! may God bless you!"

He had arranged to go direct to Paris and take refuge in the episcopal palace; but, for this plan to succeed, he must be there before the news of his escape, and this was soon made impossible. He was thrown from his horse and dislocated his shoulder, an accident that entailed a delay of some days, for the stupid surgeon who attended him declared the limb to be only bruised, and, treating it accordingly, threw his patient into a high fever. When he could be removed, his friends transported him to Belle Ile, whence he escaped to San Sebastian in a fishing-boat. He managed to do a little business on his way, for he took with him a cargo of sardines, and with the proceeds of the sale rewarded the men who had helped his escape.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception he met with in Rome. Pope Innocent soon became really attached to him, and, what was of still more importance, he succeeded in winning the favour of both Signora Olympia and the Princess de Rossanne, the two ladies who shared the affections of his Holiness. The Roman world was dazzled by the splendour of his household, and thought the representative of the French King a very unimportant personage by the side of this magnificent fugitive. For the time he was all-powerful at the Vatican. The Pope had even serious thoughts of adopting him as his heir, but died before he could execute his intention.

The conclave that followed the Pope's death afforded de Retz a splendid field for exhibiting his peculiar talents. Some of the cardinals were old hands at dissimulation, but they were as children by his side. He adopted Cardinal Chigi as his candidate, and, although the majority was decidedly against him, carried the election by unscrupulous manoeuvring. "Signor Cardinal de Retz, behold your handiwork," were the first words Pope Alexander uttered after his election. But gratitude was not a strong point in the new Pope's character, and, when the time came for him to choose between the friendship of France and that of the man to whom he owed his tiara, he not only withdrew his protection from de Retz, but even threatened to send him to St. Angelo.

Cardinal de Retz was as generous as he was extravagant, and by this time he was at the end of his resources. His friends were willing to help him in reason, but they could not and would not support his magnificence. They advised him that a quieter mode of life would be far wiser in his present circumstances; but he would not be advised. The friends of the unfortunate are hard to please, he complains somewhat unjustly, for there were never more faithful friends than his. His servants, too, began to give him trouble. "I had always lived with my servants as with my brothers," he declares; an ideal arrangement no doubt, if the brothers had been willing to take the rough with the smooth.

All this time there was ceaseless warfare in Paris between his friends and the King's; and the more moderate of both parties had begun to feel that there must be peace at any cost. The prime difficulty was the question of the archbishopric. The court made it essential that de Retz should resign his see. He might then have his choice of the ecclesiastical prizes of the kingdom; but until then it must be war to the knife. To resign his

see was the one thing de Retz would not do so long as Mazarin lived. The negotiations therefore soon came to a dead-lock.

When Rome became intolerable on account of his debts, Cardinal de Retz went north and wandered about from town to town in Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Twice he visited England, where he met with a warm welcome. Charles the Second and he had many points in common, and, if tradition speak truly, the King would have been well pleased to keep the exiled prelate at his court. De Retz however, to whom popularity was as the breath of his nostrils, had no fancy for playing the part of a mere creature to the Merry Monarch. He coquetted with the Jansenistes and Molinistes at this time, and even professed to be touched by the beautiful simplicity of the Protestant faith. He was reduced sometimes to living in wayside inns and poor cottages; his caves he used to call them, in memory of the dwellings of the persecuted saints of old. His life was a hard one, no doubt, for he was constantly harried by Mazarin's agents; but it had its pleasures, and he was still the ladies' cardinal. Wherever he went great ladies made much of him, and, as his taste was catholic, when they were not at hand, he could console himself with pretty seamstresses and serving-maids. His friends did not approve of these proceedings, and they were upon the point of making a strong effort to induce him to adopt a more regular course of life, when the death of Mazarin put an end to his wanderings.

To have surrendered his rights to his old enemy would have been dishonour; to surrender them to his King was a graceful act of loyalty. He at once signified his willingness to resign the archbishopric. The terms were soon arranged. The Cardinal received as a reward for his submission the rich abbacies of St. Denis and Chaume, and the accumulated revenue of the see of Paris from the death of

Archbishop Gondi to the date of his own resignation. The article in the treaty upon which de Retz insisted most strongly was the one stipulating that the clergy who had been expelled from their office on his account should be reinstated. While the negotiations were in progress, he established himself at Commercy, and when they were completed he was invited to court.

He went, but he did not stay there long; the atmosphere was too stifling for his taste. The divinity that hedges a king had grown apace since he was last at Fontainebleau, and Paul de Retz was too old a man to adapt himself to the new fashion. He went back to Commercy and set to work to

pay his debts. He lived in a very quiet, unpretending fashion, doing little acts of friendly service to his neighbours, of whom he was at once the adviser, law-maker, and judge. As in our own day Count Tolstoi holds his rural parliament, so Cardinal de Retz two hundred years ago used to gather round him in an evening the farmers and peasants on his land, and tell them what was passing in the far off great world. He did not live to be a very old man; his life had been too riotous for that. At the age of sixty-six, in 1679, he passed quietly away. Was it a friend or an enemy who wrote on his grave, "He rests at last"?

ONE OF THE CLOTH.

Do you happen to know Cavesson of the Native Police, a big burly man with a marvellous command of language and a voice strong enough to stop a steam-roller? If you do, and are intimate with him, you might restrain him from spreading scandalous reports about my character, and also refute his statements that I did my best to ruin his career by foolish practical joking. I promise you that I am entirely innocent, and you may show him this story as a proof. He will most likely not believe you, and, very probably, bid you mind your own business; but in your friend's interests you will not mind that.

I had met him several times before, but this was the first occasion in his official capacity. Was I to be blamed therefore if I failed to appreciate the might, majesty and dominion of the law in the person of one with whom I had disrespectfully skylarked in days gone by? He was, in fact, a man of two lives, in the one as reckless and impulsive as in the other he was clear-headed and determined. So when one night-fall towards the end of summer he rode up to the station accompanied by a dozen or so of his black troopers, I forgot his second capacity and rushed out to offer him a demonstrative welcome. In place of the bluff, hearty man I expected I found a morose Inspector of Police wrapped in an impenetrable blanket of officialdom.

After delivering some orders to his sergeant, he dismounted and preceded me into the house. I placed refreshment and myself at his disposal, and, while doing so, gave utterance to some idiotic joke, which I couldn't help feeling at the time was out of place. He was in no humour for jesting, and said sternly: "Perhaps you are not

aware that at this very moment you and your women-folk are in most imminent danger, and that you might all have had your throats cut before I could possibly have reached you."

I was serious in a moment. "What the deuce do you mean?"

"Simply this, that after being reviled by Parliament and the Press for what they call my criminal delay, I have chased the Centipede half way across this colony and now have him boxed up in the Punch Bowl Gully behind your house. By this time, but for the night, he and his gang would have been in my hands."

For a moment I sat dazed. The news was so unexpected that I could hardly realize the extent of our late danger. Centipede, the desperado whose atrocities had for months past been the horror of the Colonies, was a public nightmare. And when I remembered my women-folk and reflected that the Punch Bowl Gully was not five miles distant from the home-stead, my feelings may be better imagined than described. "What do you propose doing, Cavesson?" I said at last.

"Speak lower; there is nothing to be gained by frightening the women. This is my plan. The gang, being unaware that I am so close upon their heels, will lie by for a day to spell their horses. I shall billet myself on you to-night; and to-morrow, with my own men and as many of yours as will volunteer, I shall enter the gully and exterminate every mother's son who offers resistance."

"Do you think they'll show fight?"

"If you knew that capture meant Jack Ketch and the lime-pit, would you?"

I looked round my comfortable home while he entered upon detailed

particulars of certain episodes in the Centipede's career. "Great Heaven!" I said. "What a risk I've run, and how grateful I should be to you!"

"Don't mention it, old man! You see, your risk is my gain, and if I can collar them it will be the turning-point in my fortunes. By the way, can you spare a man to show my boys a paddock where they can put our horses? It'll be a daylight start in the morning."

We walked down to the hut to give the necessary instructions, and while strolling back I noticed a small dust-cloud breaking across the plain. Presently it formed itself into a horseman galloping furiously towards us. From his actions in the saddle he was evidently no experienced rider. Pulling up in a smother of dust before the verandah, he tumbled headlong to the ground, and then for the first time I noticed his profession.

Imagine, seated in a most undignified attitude, very limp and with a living fear of death in his face, a young curate of the Church of England, possibly twenty-three years of age and clad in full but extremely dusty canonicals, his straw-coloured hair plastered on his forehead, one shoe missing, and his hat, well jammed back on his head, showing two bullet-holes in it.

When he had recovered sufficiently he rose and explained, in a most shame-faced manner, the reason of his being in such condition. His name, he said, was Augustus Randell, and he had only been three months out from home. He occupied the position of curate to the vicar of Mulga Flat, from whence, that morning, he had started on a visit to the surrounding stations. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction to myself, and was on his way to deliver it when his trouble happened. Passing the entrance to a gully in the ranges a number of men had rushed out, bailed him up, and taken everything he possessed. Then, crowning indignity of all, they had forced him to dance a

saraband in his shirt. He blushed painfully as he narrated the last circumstance, and almost forgot to mention that, when they permitted him to depart, a volley was fired and two bullets pierced his hat.

"Never mind, Padre," said Cavesson, hugely pleased, as we escorted the victim into the house; "they were mad when they let you get away to give the alarm. But we'll have rare vengeance to-morrow. We'll hew Agag in pieces, take my word for it!"

"But surely you'll never be able to cope with such a band of desperate men. They're most determined, I assure you."

"They'll have to be if they want to get away this time. They're between the devil and the deep sea, Parson, and must fight or go under."

I took his Reverence to a room, and when later he re-appeared, washed and brushed up, he was by no means a bad-looking little fellow. The effects of his awful fright still lingered in his eyes and, though he tried hard not to let us see it, he was very averse to being left alone even for a minute.

The life of a bush-parson is strange and hard. And when you reflect that he is constantly travelling from place to place in the back blocks through the roughest country, living like a black fellow, enduring superhuman hardships and necessarily consorting with the lowest of a low community, you will gather some idea of its nature. He is generally underpaid, may sometimes be well spoken of, though much more often abused; nevertheless, regardless of all, he works, fights, and struggles on with no present thought of himself, labouring only for the reward his belief promises him hereafter. There are exceptions of course, as there always must be, but I am convinced that the majority are such men as I describe.

Before dinner Cavesson and myself were closeted together busily arranging our plan of action for the morrow.

While we were thus engaged, Randell went out among the men and, on his return, informed us that he intended holding a short service at nine o'clock. Out of respect to the cloth, if for no other reason, my entire household attended, and his influence among the men must have been extraordinary, for not one of them was absent. I have reason to remember that service, and, as long as Cavesson continues to abuse me, I shall go on doing so. Even now I can see the little crowd of faces turned towards the preacher and can hear the soft tones of his voice just raised above the murmur of the wind outside. His address was to the point, but, as I thought, unduly protracted. When it was over we returned to the house, and in view of our early start on the morrow were soon all in bed and asleep.

Long before daylight we were about, and, while eating our breakfast, I sent one of my men to run up the horses. The parson surprised us by announcing his intention of returning to the township, and, so soon as the meal was over, secured his horse which for safety he had left in the yard all night, and rode away.

We waited for the appearance of our nags till Cavesson began to grumble at the delay. Half an hour went by, an hour, two hours; by this time half the station was out looking for them, but the animals were nowhere to be found. Then I decided that all available hands should be sent to run in some spare horses from a

distant paddock. Before this was completed dusk was falling, and the Inspector's wrath was indescribable. He told me he was ruined, that he would be accused of conniving at the gang's escape, that it was all my fault, and so on, and so on.

While we were at dinner the mail arrived and brought, among other things, a large brown paper parcel to which was pinned a letter. It was written in a neat clerical hand and was to the following purport:

DEAR SIR,—I cannot thank you enough for the hospitality which last evening you so kindly showed to my unworthy self. It will, I hope, live in my memory for many days to come. For reasons which will now be obvious I was compelled to assume, for the time, a profession that, as Inspector Cavesson will agree, is widely different from my own. It may interest you to know that, while your little community were attending my impromptu service my own men were removing your horses to the Waterfall Gully in the ranges, where I have no doubt you will find them if you have not done so already. This was the only plan I could think of to prevent my being forced to burden the Government with my society. And if, as you so ably put it last evening, all is fair in love and war, why not in bush-ranging?

With kind remembrances to Mr. Inspector Cavesson, I will ask you to believe me to be, very gratefully yours, the CENTIPEDE.

P.S. Might I beg you to forward the accompanying parcel to my obliging friend Mr. Randell, whom you will find tied to a leopard tree on the eastern slope of the Punch Bowl Gully?

THE CAPE OF STORMS.

THOUGH every school-boy presumably knows to a nicety where the Cape of Good Hope is situated, there does undoubtedly prevail in less enlightened circles some vagueness of conception as to the exact locality of that celebrated headland. Even the gentle reader (to take an instance) is faintly conscious of uncertainty, and answers (if questioned politely) with a briskness not born of conviction: "The Cape of Good Hope? Why, of course I know where it is; down at the end of South Africa."

Gentle reader, you are not very far out, fifty or a hundred miles, perhaps. And, as you say, it is not of the slightest consequence from a practical point of view. In the interests, however, of abstract science, I ask leave to mention (having recently obtained the information on the spot), that the Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end; and is in fact the middle one of three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula, some twenty miles in length, forming the barrier between False Bay and the Atlantic Ocean on the west. These three headlands, lying near together, and commonly undivided on a map of moderate scale, are locally designated Cape Point. It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first encountered in full force the prevalent south-easterly gales, and denounced the rugged, threatening, three-fold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms; to be afterwards rechristened by pious, trustful hearts, the Cape of Good Hope. The Cape of Storms, the Cape of Good Hope, Cape Farewell! Is there nothing in a name?

As touching old Diaz this brave

Portuguese sailor was not, by a good many centuries, the first to double the Cape of Storms. More than two thousand years before him certain Phœnician explorers circumnavigated Libya, that is Africa, from the east, in the reign, and by the command, of Pharaoh Neco King of Egypt. The pages of profane history show nothing more indisputably authentic than their story. It actually corroborates itself; listen to Herodotus. "They sailed," these silent Phœnician mariners, "out of the Red Sea and southward, returning to Egypt in the third year, by way of the Pillars of Hercules [the Straits of Gibraltar]. They reported (a tale to me incredible, believe it who may) that in rounding Libya they had the sun on their right hand." The sun in the north! Good wonder-loving, story-telling Herodotus can believe a good deal, but not this. Through a vista of twenty-three centuries we seem to see him slowly smile and wag his head, and even to catch some muttered, half-audible allusion to the Horse-Marines.

But this is, after all, another story, more interesting to scholars and archaeologists than to us. To come to my own; I went down, at George's invitation, to spend a month at his farm, which occupies the whole southern portion of the Cape peninsula. It was a comfort to turn my back upon the dust and noise and manifold offences of Cape Town. The train, slowly skirting Simon's Bay landed me in an hour or two at Simon's Town terminus, not of railroads only, but of roads generally, with all other signs and products of civilisation. Beyond this I had twelve or thirteen miles to walk over an unknown land. A kind of a path there was, for the first mile or two;

but this soon faded in the wilderness, and, finding that it led nowhere, became extinct. It was mid-day and mid-winter, the month of June to wit, elsewhere leafy, but not here. On and on I walked down this strange, stony, flower-bespangled peninsula, a land of songless birds and scentless flowers, of unfamiliar forms and hues. Gorgeous branching hyacinthine blossoms, crimson, orange, and purple, without leaf of green, burst here, there, and everywhere from great white cloven bulbs and burned, unnaturally luxuriant, on the shadeless yellow ground. Short-eared rock-rabbits (mysterious creatures allied to the elephant and rhinoceros) flickered in and out of their stony burrows. Brilliant spotted beetles jaunted on unheard-of legs, high and dry above the dusty soil. The sun himself was crossing the meridian from right to left behind me, and throwing the shadow backward on the dial. As if to enhance the strangeness of the solitude, a single telegraph wire crawled over inaccessible places on great gaunt stilts, eighty or a hundred yards asunder, leaning and straddling in all directions, black as gibbets against the sky. Leading as they ultimately did to the lighthouse, and passing at no great distance from George's farm, these might have guided me, had I been able to follow them; but they suddenly veered to the right, sprawled over an impossible ravine, and sped away to the western coast-line, leaving me to steer southward by the sun.

Strolling hour after hour through this painted desert I mounted at length upon a higher, narrower ground. Here the still blue bay and the mistier ocean closed in on either hand; and the southern half of the peninsula stretched and spread in view before me, lying, tinged with a flush of innumerable flowers, high upon the waste of level sea. Far ahead stood the lighthouse on the extremity, remote and barely discernible, till on a sudden, its lantern

returned a ray of the northern sun, and a dazzling white star flashed out in the daylight on the summit of the Cape of Good Hope. As I walked farther, the peninsula lay lower and broader. Nothing was visible here except the sky and the jagged surface of the undulating land. As I surmounted its successive crests, sweep after sweep of rock-strewn valley met my wearied eyes. The twelve miles seemed to have extended themselves at least to twenty, and the sun had nearly completed his course, when at last, in the far distance, I sighted George's house, lying long and white against the opposite slope of a broad low vale. But in proportion as my spirits were raised by the nearness of my goal, so they fell with the increasing irregularity and difficulty of the ground, here cut up into rifts and miniature chasms of the limestone rock, there impeded by loose stones and boulders, choked by yielding heather or altogether hidden by bush. As I lay down to drink at a peaty pool of rain-water, the sun dropped suddenly behind the ridge, and night came on in strides. I stumbled on in the direction of George's farm, now invisible, with every prospect of missing it, and finding myself hopelessly benighted in the wilderness; but, to my great relief a light gleamed forth from a window and guided me through reed-brakes, thickets, melon-patches, potato-grounds, fences (sunk and otherwise), and finally, oh joy! a gate; and then, like a shipwrecked sailor staggering on firm land, I emerged upon a solid gravel path.

Here was George's farm at last, visible in dim outline, apparently a commodious and desirable family mansion springing out of this unearthly waste. Through the large window I espied the back of George's head as he sat reading in an easy-chair. He heard my footstep, rose, and disappeared; while dazzled by the lamp-light, I stumbled over the threshold, and opened the door by the simple process of falling against it.

"Hullo!" said a familiar voice. "Who goes there?" "Friend," I answered, recovering myself. "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," said George, grimly smiling, and meeting me with outstretched hand. I had not seen him since he came into his extravagantly out-of-the-way possessions, bought by his father a year before. There he stood, somewhat sterner of mien, and looking considerably older than his twenty-five years, well finished in feature and limb, and as spick and span in this solitude as if he had just returned from a garden-party at Government House.

I threw my knapsack into a corner, and myself into a low chair. "I never was so thankful in my life, as when I saw your house just before sunset. I made sure I should have to camp out in this outlandish desert of yours."

"You did run it rather close," said George; "I expected you two hours before this. You would have found it awkward getting here after dark, at any rate if you had lost the path."

"Path!" I said. "What path? I haven't seen the ghost of a path for the last ten miles at least. I've been steering by the sun (and that went the wrong way) till I saw your light."

"Oh, there's a path right enough," said George, "though I admit it's not easy to find it, if you don't know where to look. There's a waggon-track too, if you come to that, away behind over there." George jerked his head backward towards the west. "You wouldn't have seen my place though from that. Well, here you are anyway; come on and eat."

Supper over, we sat smoking at the open window looking out upon the cool night. The sky, though star-lit, was intensely dark, while low on the horizon a yellower star waxed four times every minute to a steady piercing glow that seemed to cut the darkness like a knife.

"How far off is that lighthouse?" I asked.

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"Four and a half miles as the crow flies," answered George. "Which reminds me that Starling (he's the lighthouse-keeper) wants you to go over and stay a day or two with him. He lives up there with his wife and family, and though he has a partner, it's pretty lonely. You'll see him in a few days; he always calls here when he goes to Simon's Town. Let's have a game of cribbage."

He drew a small table up to the window, and we played cribbage for love, with due solemnity and a pervading sense of calm. I know no more tranquillizing game.

After a night of troubled dreams, not uncommon amid strange surroundings, I awoke, rejoiced to find myself at George's farm. I was in a large and lofty chamber on the ground floor; there is seldom a second story in these Dutch-built houses. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the sun shone upon my face, over-topping the rising ground that shut in the homestead on the east and west. I dressed and went out on to the terrace, which ran along the western front of the house. Southward the view was more open, the end of the valley being closed by the promontory, with the lighthouse crowning it, looking curiously near and neat. Scattered on the stony slopes near the homestead cattle were straying untended, grazing on such patches of herbage as they could find. The kraals for housing them stood near by in rather a ruinous condition. A certain space, not large, was inclosed, and cultivated at least to the extent of being clear of stones and bush; elsewhere melon-vines crawled over the barren ground. At some distance George was standing, dressed with great neatness, and superintending the work of two or three Kafirs, who, judging from their merry faces, as well as from the absence of assignable motive, were digging in the sand for fun. George joined me at the gate.

"I wonder what you think of the place," he said. "You see it's all

very fine and large, but I can't get anything to grow here, except water-melons and flowers. The property doesn't pay anything, of course, at present; but the governor knows what he is about. They are forming a company to work the limestone down at the Point. They will make a railway down here from Simon's Town, and probably a fashionable watering-place, built on my ground for invalids and people from the colony and from England. I shall be a millionaire," said George gloomily, "if that is any satisfaction to anybody."

"Well, cheer up," I said; "things might be worse than that. Let's go and look over that ridge."

We strolled down the slope and over a plank which bridged a dry groove at the bottom of it. "What is this?" I asked George.

"This is a river," George answered, "belonging to me, the southernmost river on this peninsula. It rises over there to the west, and flows, as you see, beneath this bridge and out into Simon's Bay. Sometimes it contains water, but that is only after rain."

Quitting with reluctance the banks of this delectable stream, we walked up and over the further slope. In less than a quarter of a mile George's farm, so far as it consisted of buildings or other tokens or signs of man's presence, had disappeared as completely as if it had been swallowed up in the earth. We stood in the primeval wilderness. The ground sank away to the shore of the bay about a mile distant, and between us and the blue water a herd of antelopes were grazing, apparently on stones. "Look there!" said George excitedly stooping down. "Just my luck! there's a splendid shot for you!" As he spoke the leader threw up his head and sniffed the air; and the whole herd, startled into precipitant flight, swept away and vanished like a ripple over the corn. On the other hand, a great solitary ostrich, black with white wings, stalked slowly past us

at no great distance, raising and ruffling his plumage, picking his steps and swaying his supple neck with fastidious deliberation and ostentatiously ignoring our presence. Before us spread the great square expanse of False Bay, with the bold outline of Cape Hangklip standing sentinel at its south-eastern corner, and facing, as if in stern salutation across twenty miles of water, the hither guard on the promontory of the Cape of Good Hope. Even beyond Cape Hangklip a faint line of coast was discernible trending ever south-eastward, and terminated by the summit, just visible above the horizon, of Danger Point.

"I don't know how you feel," said George, "but breakfast is what I am thinking about. We'll take a walk round afterwards with the guns. There's plenty of game on the estate; partridges, pheasants, reet-buck, spring-buck, to say nothing of lions, tigers, and other fearful wild-fowl; but for goodness sake, whatever you do, don't shoot a baboon. I shot one last year, and I haven't got over it yet. She was a female, who had come over the fence with a young one after the pumpkins, and I let drive at her from the window. I knew it was murder all the time, and half hoped I should miss her; you know how I mean. Well, she died, screaming for all the world like a woman, and trying to screen her little one, thinking I was going to fire again. Ugh! it makes me feel like Cain."

In spite of this gruesome reminiscence we managed on returning to the house to eat a few pounds of venison-steak for breakfast; and after a matutinal game of cribbage (a relaxation which we allowed ourselves at any odd hour of the day) we took a gun and a rifle and went a-hunting.

"You shoot partridges," said George, "and I'll look after the buck. It's lucky there are two of us now. When I am alone, as sure as ever I go out with the rifle, I put up covey after

covey of partridges, but no buck. I take the gun, perhaps, an hour afterwards, and see buck by the dozen, but never a bird. It's a funny world."

"I've known things go contrary, myself," I said. "I wonder which sort of a morning this will be."

It proved to be a partridge morning. The birds were tame, and hard to miss, and it fell to my lot to make the bag. Though we saw spring-buck in the distance, we failed to get within range, or if we succeeded, missed,—no difficult feat at half-a-mile. Having had enough of it, we returned home to dinner, and spent the rest of the day reading novels, conversing, and playing the unfailing game.

I made the acquaintance of Starling one morning when he called in on his way back from Simon's Town. Tall, bearded, and grave of deportment, leading an ass equipped with panniers and accompanied by a villainous-looking black attendant, he reminded me of nothing so much as a Calendar from the pages of *The Arabian Nights*. Originally (indeed for the greater part of his life) he had been a common sailor, a class of men whose excellent qualities are usually exhibited in the rough. Starling was a gentleman, if refinement of mind, showing itself in courtesy of speech and act, give title to the name. He invited me with great cordiality to pay him a visit, and I arranged to go one day in the next week, especially as George had been called away on some unwonted business which would detain him at least two days in Simon's Town.

On the day appointed George rode off northward on his favourite horse, small, wiry, and unshod, and I set out in the opposite direction to visit my friend the lighthouse-keeper on the Cape of Good Hope. Acting on George's advice, instead of making a bee-line across country direct for the lighthouse, I bore westward to the right, and about two miles from the farm struck the waggon-track which

winds along the coast. Towards the southern extremity of the peninsula, where the promontory rises higher and higher, the road ascends, well-cut and well-kept, by a gentle gradient up the western face of the cliff. It was by this road that the Government waggon brought stores and material to the lighthouse-keepers every month, and weekly communication was kept up by messenger from Simon's Town.

There was something companionable and exhilarating about this smooth firm road. Cactus, aloes and other foreign-looking vegetation fringed it on the inner side, growing with a regularity which almost suggested the care of man. High on the left the lighthouse with its out-buildings came suddenly into view, whiter than the clouds that flecked the dark blue sky, while far beneath the South Atlantic sparkled and danced in the sun.

As the road curved sharply round the southern angle of the Cape and hid itself from view, the voices of laughing children broke upon my ear; and a slender girl in a white dress and straw hat appeared round the bend, leading a donkey, on which a much smaller boy, perhaps three years old, was riding. Where did these sailor's children, born and bred in the wilderness, get the delicacy of their looks and speech and manner? It was Starling's clear gray eyes that looked at me from under the shade of the broad hat.

"Father told me to say, if I met you, that you are very welcome, and to show you the way to our house. He is busy in the office. Willie, you must kiss this gentleman."

Matters being thus placed, once for all, on an easy and amicable footing, we all turned and ascended the hill together, and emerged on a kind of plateau sloping upwards towards the apex of the promontory, where it was cut short by the precipitous descent. The lighthouse stood nearly at the extremity, mounted high on a tumulus of rock, so that

its base was only reached by steps. Below, and some fifty yards northward, two flat-roofed dwelling houses lay just down the western slope, thus protected from the south-east storms. The whole was brilliantly whitewashed, terraced in front, and built with the square and solid regularity of a fort.

I was led in by the children, and made my salutations to their mother of whom I will only say (if I may presume to speak at all) that she filled the position she held, as she would doubtless have filled any other, with womanly kindness and grace. It was not England, but the Cape of Good Hope. A little bed-room had been tastefully decked with flowers for my reception. Everywhere, on every face, there was evidence of that sincerity of kindness which may underlie the formal politeness of ordinary society, and on the other hand may not.

After we had chatted a good while, about England, George, Cape Town, children, cooking, and other topics of mutual interest, Starling came in from the telegraph-house, and we all sat down to dinner in the little parlour with a feeling (I can answer at least for one of the party) of great contentment and ease. I found, not without surprise, that I was not the only guest. It was characteristic of Starling that, small as were his means, he entertained at his cottage in perpetual hospitality an old sailor-mate of his younger days. "Jimmy" was his unofficial name; the children addressing him as "grandfather," though he was unconnected with the family by any closer tie than the bonds (elsewhere more elastic) of love. Though somewhat bent by years, he was a wiry old man, with a strong, shrewd, kindly face. Jimmy kept himself in the background during the greater part of the meal, possibly out of deference to strangers; but towards the end came forward with an observation,—"There's a donkey down the road hard and fast to a telegraph-post"—and immediately effaced himself.

"That's Peter," said Starling explanatorily to me, alluding to the black servant. "Brown, my mate, sent him in again to Simon's Town the day before yesterday, but I suppose he got on the spree, poor fellow. When he does that, it often takes him two days to get back. He keeps lying down to sleep, you see, but first always makes the donkey fast. He'll be turning up just now, you'll see."

After dinner Starling fetched a telescope, and carefully scanned the road far beyond its limit of visibility to the naked eye. "There they are," he said, "both of them. And now you'll like to see the lighthouse perhaps? Come along this way."

Following Starling closely I entered the lighthouse by a low doorway, and mounted a narrow spiral stone staircase dimly lighted by loopholes in the thick wall. It was like climbing up the tower of an old church, only far cleaner. "Mind your head," said Starling as the darkness dispersed. "Here we are." We stepped into a polygonal chamber about fifteen feet across. Every side was glass, nothing but glass, framed between slender iron pillars which seemed far too slight to support the roof. This, however, with the aid of the plate-glass they certainly did; there was nothing else to support it, except the thin steel shaft which ran vertically up the centre of the room to a socket in the roof.

The first natural impulse was to walk slowly round the chamber, drinking in the view through each separate pane. On the north side the wilderness stretched away to where in the dim distance Table Mountain reared its canopy of cloud. Passing eastward, the eye took in at one survey the vast blue surface of False Bay, hundreds of square miles in extent, and followed the opposite coast-line as far as the grim promontory of Cape Hangklip guarding the entrance on the east. The three remaining quadrants of the circuit, from east by south and west and

round again to north, presented an unbroken horizon-line of sea.

After sating my eyes with this magnificent prospect I turned to examine the interior of the lighthouse, and stood lost in admiration at the simple mechanism of the revolving lanterns which flash their warning from the Cape of Storms. Throughout the night, four times every minute, a beam of light streams out to every point within the circumference of the visible horizon, distant at our altitude some five and thirty miles. Yet the light which pierces to this great distance at any given moment on a dark, clear night, is emitted by a flame no brighter and no bigger than the flame of an ordinary duplex drawing-room lamp. Imagine such a lamp burning at a distance of, say, half a mile. Its light is radiating upwards, downwards, north, south, east, west, and in all intermediate directions; so that the eye receives only an inconceivably small fraction of the whole amount of light emitted, nothing like a millionth part. And yet the lamp is seen. What, then, if the whole of the light, instead of being dispersed, were concentrated and directed towards you in a single beam? Its intensity would be enormously increased. No longer seen with difficulty it would glow out with a dazzling brilliance in one direction, and except in that direction it would not be seen at all. All that is required then, to render a lamp visible for thirty, a hundred, yes, in the absence of obstruction, even a thousand miles, is an apparatus that shall collect and divert the whole, or much, of its light into a single narrow beam of parallel rays. Here is the apparatus; these four huge, black, round-ended extinguishers just over our heads. They are fixed horizontally, with open end directed outwards at the extremities of four arms, set at right angles to one another (like four fingers of a sign-post) on the upright central shaft. They are not

really extinguishers. On the contrary they are concave mirrors, polished on the inside to the highest pitch of brilliancy, as you can see if you stand on tip-toe and look in. The lamp, an ordinary oil flame, is set far down, almost out of reach. The curvature of that deep mirror is paraboloid; the lamp sits in the focus thereof, and by virtue of a property of the curve called a parabola, all the rays which fall from the lamp on to the mirror,—forwards, backwards, upwards, downwards and sideways, in short nearly the whole of the light it gives out are diverted by reflection into one and the same course, and issue from its mouth a single, brilliant beam of light. There are four lamps with their mirrors; and therefore four beams at right angles shooting to the remotest verge of the horizon. Shaft, arms, mirrors, lamps, and sweeping light-beams are caused to rotate regularly once in a minute, or in any other time required, by simple clock-work mechanism set in motion by a heavy weight which falls down the centre of the tower; and the rate of movement is regulated by this vane, which is made to revolve very rapidly, here on the centre table, and which can be so adjusted as to encounter a greater or smaller resistance from the air.

"You seem to be interested in those lanterns," said Starling, reappearing suddenly at the low doorway.

"Hullo," I said, "you went out very quietly. Yes, I am interested, I confess. My notion of the inside of a lighthouse was something quite different from this. Considering the tremendous distance you can see the light, I expected to find hundreds of lanterns, at least."

"No," said Starling, "only these four; and you only see one of them at a time. It takes a lot of work to keep those mirrors bright and the machinery in perfect order, I can tell you. That is done in the daytime, of course. Then one of us has to be here all through the night. Letting the light out, even for a

minute, would mean dismissal, if any ship saw and reported it. It's a lot of responsibility, year after year. Brown and I divide the nights into two watches, from sunset to midnight, and from midnight to sunrise, and we take them alternately. So you see I'm off duty every other day for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It comes less tedious to make a dog-watch of it, instead of taking the same hours every night; and we get time to go to Simon's Town and back comfortably when we want to. You haven't seen Brown? He's off somewhere to-day in his new boat, fishing. That's his wife down there in the yard. Clever woman; knows all the code-signals, and the telegraph too, and works 'em better than he can. Every ship that comes into Simon's Bay signals her name and port of sailing to us, and we telegraph them at once to Cape Town. I'm slow myself at that business."

"We ought to be able to see George's farm from here," I said looking northward. "The lighthouse is plain enough from it."

"Well, so you can see it," said Starling, "over there, just where that dark line ends. That's the vlel, what he calls his river, running past his house. Look through this glass."

With the aid of the telescope I could see the house with surprising distinctness.

"I sometimes see George with the glass," said Starling, "if he happens to be standing against that light face of the house, the end where your bedroom window is. I saw *you* three or four days ago; at any rate I saw George and another man. I knew George by his white helmet five miles away. When a telegram comes from him and I have no messenger to send, I flash to him with a looking-glass. It's easily done in bright sunshine, and if anyone happens to look this way at all, it is bound to be seen. Then he sends up, or rides over himself. It looks quiet enough now," he went on, turning sea-wards; "but you ought to be

here when a south-easter is blowing. You'd think the whole point was going to carry away. On the rock, there, the spray actually dashes in your face from the sea below, eight hundred feet, as salt as salt can be. Come down and have a look."

We descended the winding stair, and went out of the lighthouse on to the smooth and nearly level plateau of rock surrounding it. The foot of the hillock on which the lighthouse stood was about twenty yards from the edge. We walked on to where the plateau grew unpleasantly narrow, with a steep slope on one side, and on the other apparently nothing.

"Come and look over here," said Starling, anxious to do the honours of the place, and lounging to the very edge of the precipice. "It's eight hundred and fourteen feet, the book says." He leaned affectionately over the horrid abyss, with his hands in his pockets, jerking his pipe up and down with his teeth. "It goes right slap down," he continued; "if I dropped this pipe out of my mouth, it would fall into the sea without touching anything. Come and look."

"Oh, all right!" I said "I believe you. For the Lord's sake, man, take care of yourself! Supposing that rock gave way!"

"That's firm enough," he answered, stamping hard on it with his great sea-boot, about three inches from the brink. "Come on! You aren't afraid, are you?"

"Afraid!" I answered, with indignation. "I'm simply sick with fear. I wouldn't go a step nearer that beastly cliff if you offered me fifty pounds." So marked an influence had strong emotion on the classic purity of my customary speech.

Starling was visibly disappointed but too considerate to betray his contempt. "Oh well, of course," he said, "I didn't know you felt like that. You've been aloft on shipboard, haven't you, main-top-gallant cross-trees, say?"

"Yes, I have been up there," I

answered; "but I didn't enjoy it, and I took precious good care not to let go the shrouds. There's nothing to hold on to where you are."

"Hold on to me," said Starling.

"And drag you with me to destruction! No, thanks; three yards is near enough for me."

Just at the point where we were standing a vertical scoop, as it were, has been taken out of the promontory clean down to the base, and the cliff is absolutely precipitous. Elsewhere it slopes more or less, so that you can get up and down if you choose to try. Here, just underneath the lighthouse, you could get down with great celerity, but you couldn't get up again. The rock on the top was level, smooth, and clean.

"Lie down flat," said Starling "if you are afraid of feeling queer, and pop your head over. You can see the gulls down there, by the water. I'll hold your legs, if you like."

He was so evidently ashamed of me that I thought it right to feign at least indifference. "Certainly," I said; "I should like to look over of course. Shall I walk to the edge and then lie down, or?"

"Oh, crawl if you prefer it," said Starling patiently.

I crawled. There are not many places in the British Empire where you can see straight down eight hundred feet, at any rate not places easy of access. I looked over, and thought I was in the car of a balloon. The cliff was more than perpendicular; it seemed to be pitching forward; it certainly swayed. There were the gulls, little white specks, down by the sea at the base of the cliff. I could not see the upper half of it at all.

"It's nothing when you're used to it, is it?" said Starling, loosing hold of my legs.

"Oh nothing," I agreed, crawling backward several yards and sitting up, but not too high. "I'm glad I looked over; it's a splendid precipice."

"You'll hardly believe it," said

Starling gravely, kicking a pebble into space,—*"George doesn't believe it,—I can hardly believe it myself,—but it's true, all the same. Our cat got killing the fowls, so I tied her up in a bag with a stone, and pitched the whole lot over here, just where I am standing now. She turned up next morning without a scratch. That is how it was. I'll take my oath on it, before a magistrate if you like; and there's no more to be said."*

"George told me that story," I said, "and I believe it."

"Well, I must say I am glad to hear that," said Starling. "Let's go in now; you'd like to rest and smoke, I daresay. I shall take the early watch to-night; and if you are inclined to give me the pleasure of your company for any part of it, I shall be only too glad."

I sat up till midnight playing euchre with Starling in the lighthouse on the Cape of Storms. The wind had risen since sunset, and roared boisterously round and over the point; but no tremor shook the strong fabric of the lighthouse; and the revolving mirrors crept as smoothly and noiselessly as phantoms above our heads. This efficacy in preventing waste of light was amply demonstrated. In this lantern chamber, visible over an area two hundred miles in circuit, we played cards by the light of a candle. I went to the plate-glass windows, and peering into the darkness through shading hands gazed at the league-long shafts of light sweeping past as if material things, and giving an impression of stupendous momentum as they swung through the thickness of the night.

Next morning brought a sudden change. We had unanimously carried at breakfast time a project for a general descent to the beach, down the path which Jimmy had lately invented and warranted feasible for all men. The day was then to be spent in rambling and scrambling round the base of the Cape promontory, fishing from the rocks, picnicking,

on the sands, with such further diversions as might prove acceptable alike to old and to young.

Starling and I stepped out to look at the sky. It was clear and calm, wind gentle and northerly, last night's south-easter fallen and left no sign. "One minute," said Starling; "there's the telegraph calling." I followed him mechanically into the office. He rapped back, and set the tape unwinding. "George, Simon's Town," he read out, "to,—I thought so—it's for you. If—you—come—take—horse—find—me—here. That's your message; here it is on the tape."

I asked Starling to inquire if George was there. The answer came "No; written message."

"That means," I said, "that my leave is cut short; and some one from Cape Town has seen George and told him of it. This is the day for letters isn't it, Saturday?"

"Yes," said Starling; "the postman will be here in about an hour I expect."

"If the notice comes for me, I shall have to leave you at once I'm afraid, so as to get to Simon's Town in time for the evening train."

"Every man must do his duty," said Starling, "but I hope they'll spare you a day or two more."

The postman brought the expected summons, sure enough. So there was no more to be said, except "Good-bye!"

They all came out on the terrace, and called after me as I walked away down the rocky path, "Good-bye, good-bye! When shall we see you again?" I could only answer "Some day, please God!" and hasten on my way.

Hours after I turned my horse to take a last look southward from the furthest point of vantage ere riding on to Simon's Town. That faint fire-signal was not lit by the hand of man. It was the setting sun that flashed the last farewell from the lighthouse on the Cape of Good Hope.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

A WELL-KNOWN political controversialist and constitutional lawyer writes to me: "The enthusiasm for nationality has, I think, at any rate in Western Europe, spent its force. Kossuth's death accidentally marked the end of an era." The amount of truth in these words can only be determined by a minute consideration of the relative parts played by the integrating and the disintegrating forces in civilised countries during the last forty years. That what has taken place for half a century ought to have taken place we need not here maintain. Justice or expediency may or may not favour the revival of a Heptarchy within our own kingdom; but appeals to recent history on behalf of this anachronism are made either in ignorance or defiance of the most patent facts on either side of the Atlantic. The efforts of the era of revolt among the so-called oppressed nationalities initiated by the Polish insurrection of 1794, seem in our day to have found their close in a partial and modified success; and it is notable that they have been successful almost in exact proportion as they have been associated with an appeal to a new unity. "A united Italy! it is the very poetry of politics," was Byron's cry; it was with Mazzini a watchword even more dominant than "Out, out!" to the Austrians. The deliverance of Greece from the yoke of a purely alien race was due to the sometimes romantic and sometimes interested intervention of the European powers. Internal disintegration was the ruin of Poland. The history of civilised America is one of almost uninterrupted consolidation. The Colonies or original States, of kindred race but existing in absolute independence of one another, were first leagued in resistance to real or ima-

gined wrong. Knit more firmly together in the articles of federation, they were, after an argument of nearly ten years, bound in a close union by their adhesion to a written constitution, in comparison with which that of England is a "tricksy spirit"; a constitution that has been a guardian fetish to the turbulent spirits of the West. The assault by the seceding South was a touchstone of its strength, and the creed that every million may have their own way received its death-blow at Gettysburg. Later, Germany was made one by the national uprising against invasion and the genius of Bismarck and Moltke. These events, with the pacification of Hungary in 1866, by concession to more than half of the demands of Kossuth, made possible the new Triple Alliance, a larger if looser unification which many regard as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe.

Kossuth and his allies were revolutionists, and disruptionists in so far as they strove to break up an empire. Yet they stood on more logically conservative ground than any of their compeers in revolt. Their appeal in argument and in battle was to maintain the ancient rights of a nation which for ages had never been subdued or subordinate, and which was connected with the other fragments of the complex Austrian dominion merely by the fact of an accidental and strictly guarded allegiance to the same monarch. Their contention, never seriously disputed, was that the later representatives of the House of Hapsburg had been continually encroaching on their constitutional rights. In open defiance of these, goaded by fear of the insurrectionary movements of 1848, the

Austrian and Hungarian King proclaimed a dismemberment of his eastern kingdom and instigated against its legitimate authority the revolt of the Slav provinces that had been bound to it for eight hundred years. Waiving antiquarian discussions, it is a patent fact that in intelligence and power the Hungarians were the flower of Austria; they were solid as no other part of the Empire was; their country was equal in extent to Great Britain—equal to that of the rest of the empire; their population was then about two-thirds that of England. In the first phase of their war of liberation they were triumphantly victorious in seven great battles, all fought during Kossuth's governorship. Having almost crushed the Austrian armies in the field, and the levies of the traitor Jellachich, they repelled the first Russian invasion, and were subdued only by the intervention of fresh barbarian hordes summoned to assist despotism in despair. At this juncture the Hapsburgs were for the first time formally deposed, though Francis Joseph as an individual had been deposed at the outbreak of the war in 1848. At a later date, after the massacres of Arad and the execution of Count Bathyany, a republican, and partially a democratic government, for which the way had been prepared by Kossuth's emancipation of the serfs, was proclaimed in preference to a monarchy. On the failure of their respective struggles (due in each case to the intervention of foreign force) Mazzini and Kossuth both became and remained theoretic republicans and denouncers of kings, yet both took refuge under a hospitable monarchy; the one became an exile in England, the other suffered a protecting imprisonment in Turkey. Kossuth never ceased to be grateful to the Sultan, who refused to surrender any one of his five thousand compatriots; but when the Senate of the United States resolved to send a frigate to Constantinople for his conveyance westward,

the offer was accepted on condition that his freedom of speech should be in no way restricted. At Marseilles the refugee was informed that the way through France, where ideas of liberty have rarely been cosmopolitan, was barred to him. Arriving in England by sea he spent about a month preaching or lecturing on the Hapsburgs (whose relation to Hungary he compared to that of the sovereigns of Hanover to England), denouncing Russia and diplomacy, advocating a republic, but in the strongest terms abjuring socialism.

Kossuth then went West, on a crusade that has been compared by the editor of his speeches to that of Peter the Hermit. He reached the United States late in December 1851, and left them early in the following June. There is no more splendid or sadder record of the results of oratory than that contained in the history of these six triumphant and fruitless months. From the first day of his landing to the last of his leaving, Kossuth was treated like Martin Chuzzlewit fairly bound for Eden. Batteries were fired on his arrival, regiments of cavalry and infantry escorted him from Faneul Hall to Washington; senators and orators attended and applauded his meetings, and even Daniel Webster acknowledged his master. Kossuth's career in the United States, a country singularly pervious to oratory ("the curse of this country," says one of themselves, "is eloquent men"), was that of a Roman triumph without the captives. He was everywhere received with the acclamations of thousands; everywhere he pleaded, preached, thundered, and prophesied like Demosthenes. From the volume of his addresses there might be made an anthology of modern eloquence, such as may be sought in vain in the parliamentary reports of any English statesman. But though pleased, amused, excited, and also often flattered, the Americans would not march against Philip,—the Czar, the Hapsburg, the despot, the diplomatist. They

had their own house to manage, and were already under the shadow of a storm about to shake its rafters. No visitor to the States in those days could escape the question, which Kossuth resolutely refused to answer, "What do you think of slavery?" Almost on landing he said, "I take it to be duty of honour and principle not to meddle with any party question of your own domestic affairs." Almost on leaving, he replied to a protest of the Abolitionists, "I have no more right than Father Mathew had to mix myself up with interior party movements." This sounded very well; but among Kossuth's main arguments was an overstraining of the tenet that one race must not be held in subjection to another. At St. Louis he descanted on the "wrongs of green Erin, the fatherland of Grattan and Wolfe Tone;" adding, "every blow stricken for liberty is a blow stricken for Ireland." There are some things inseparable, and among these is the demand for certain rights among human beings in every land, and, on the other hand, the insistence of the sovereignty of law in all. Kossuth in America tried to conciliate the lawless anarchy of the Celt, and forbore to denounce the lawless oppression of the Negro.

He lived to regret his error. I heard him confess in 1854 that the slave question was in America his great difficulty and stumbling-block, and again in 1856, while denouncing the Papal Concordat he said: "The golden cord of Liberty has dwindled down to two isolated threads—one on the other side of the Atlantic, tinged with the ignominious stain of slavery, the other in England."

Kossuth called on America to interfere, if need be, by force against intervention; his hearers shouted, cannonaded, charioteered, but despite his bribe of Hungary as another United State, they would do no more; and he left them a sadder if not a wiser man.

The success of the Coup d'Etat had dispirited him, and the fulfilment of his prophecies (no less remarkable

than those of De Tocqueville) that the usurpation of the French despot would have to seek its establishment in war, and that the Russians would have again to encounter the Turks in battle, were far off in their fulfilment. In his great Scotch crusade of July 1854, when he had bated no jot of energy, if some of heart and hope, he exclaimed: "Neither will I speak to you about evils all our own. Why should I do it? Is it to rouse you to compassionate emotion or to make appeals to sympathy? I have lived too long and too practical a life to do vain things. Sympathy, what is that? A sigh that flutters on the lips of a tender girl, and dies in the whisper of the breeze. Individuals may know of sympathy, but when a people's aggregate sentiments become collected in the crucible of policy, sympathy vanishes in the air like the diamond when burnt, and nothing then remains but an empty crucible surrounded with the ashes of gross egotism." And again: "Expediency! thou false wisdom of the blind and the weak. . . thou who dost always sacrifice to a moment's fear the justice of eternity, and to a moment's rest the security of centuries. Expediency, thy pathway is like the pathway of sin—one step upon the grassy slope and there is no stopping any more; it is Milton's bridge which leads

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell."

These sentences were spoken at an afternoon meeting in the City Hall of Glasgow, which aroused a storm of enthusiasm that perhaps no one present had ever seen approached. Kossuth's opening words went home to the hearts of an audience accustomed to be fed on meaner rhetoric and more transparent flattery. "I don't know how it comes to pass, but a gloom of melancholy spreads over my soul since I set my foot on Caledonian soil. Is it the mountains there, looking down from afar on me and attracting my life-weary eyes to look

up to them, and hence more upwards yet to the everlasting source of consolation and of hope? It is long since I saw a mountain, and yet it is at the foot of a mountain where I was born . . . Or is it perhaps the spirit of your own nation's history

Glimmering through the dream of things that were?"

And yet this afternoon meeting was a mere prelude to a more elaborate oration delivered on the same evening, in which statesmanship distorted, and patriotism never betrayed, by passion were the mingled threads. This speech, perhaps Kossuth's greatest, was delivered at the beginning of the second phase of the Crimean War. A year had passed since the Russians had crossed the Pruth, in vain expectation that Austria would repay the debt incurred by their crossing the Carpathians. The Turks had lost and won several battles; the allied fleets had entered the Black Sea; in March we had drifted into war, and in April the German powers declared their neutrality. This neutrality was, according to the feeling of the time, bought by the assurance of Lord Westmorland (then our envoy at Vienna) that the British Government would oppose any attempt at making the Eastern question subservient to the interests of the so-called oppressed nationalities Hungary, Italy, or Poland. With suppressing the aspirations of the two former, Austria was mainly concerned; Prussia had primarily to deal with the latter. England was therefore accused of purchasing peace in subservience to those despotisms. We were on the eve of entering on our Crimean campaign, in close alliance with Louis Napoleon, whom Kossuth had denounced as "the most inglorious usurper that ever dared to raise Ambition's bloody throne upon the ruins of Liberty." It was therefore natural that the essence of his speech should be an eloquent indictment of British foreign policy in the past, and an exhortation to

the democracy to shake themselves free from the toils of diplomacy in the future. A few extracts from this appeal will not be out of place, as they have long been buried in the oblivion of old and now rarely recoverable reports.

The speaker first with one-sided vehemence arraigned the motives and results of the war in which Nelson and Wellington relieved Europe from the incubus of a tyranny which threatened to dwarf that of the Hapsburgs.

The French Revolution, with which Great Britain had absolutely nothing to do, drove your headquarters into a frenzy of fear; just as the fear of a possible European revolution drives them now into a course of the most mischievous impolicy . . . they called so long on the British nation to save "Order, Order" till the nation got excited to a frantic hatred of I know not what. . . . The war went on for twenty-three years, the most terrible seen for centuries, the most expensive that ever a nation has fought . . . Well, after an ocean of blood spilt, and myriads of millions spent, what was the issue? Simply this: a Napoleon driven away, and a Bourbon replaced . . . all the rest, . . . Cracow a mock republic, hollow promises of thirty-three German princes to make Germany constitutional, and so on, were mere bubbles of a sickly dream. A Napoleon fettered and a Bourbon restored, that was all. . . . The Bourbon is a homeless exile, and a Napoleon reigns in France, and is your dear friend and ally. . . . That word Liberty was the popular bait—the very Brandenburgs and Hapsburgs spoke of liberty, like as the Evil One in stress when he spoke of becoming a monk.

Later, by one of those dramatic references in which the orator of the Magyars had no match, he essayed to drive the lesson home.

Comparing your present situation to that in your French wars, you have the consolation not to fight for a Bourbon: that is negative; in return you have got the pleasant and highly liberal task to fight for a Hapsburg: that is positive. Well, a Hapsburg for a Bourbon, it strikes me it does not sound like a Roland for an Oliver. Let me use Shakespeare's words: "Write them together, which is a fair name?"

Sound them, which becomes well the mouth? Weigh them, which is heavier? Conjure with them, which will start a spirit?" The Bourbons will start none any more. The Hapsburgs probably may, but it will be the spirit of assassinated nations, —Poland, Hungary, Italy—and violated oaths, and Liberty rising to break her crimson chains.

No words can convey the convulsion of enthusiasm with which this passage was received. Towards the close the speaker ventured on a false prophecy regarding the siege of Sebastopol. "You will be beaten, remember my word. Your braves will fall in vain under Russian bullets and Crimean air, as the Russians fall under Turkish bullets and Danubian air. Not one out of five of your braves, immolated in vain, shall see Albion or Gallia again. But I will tell you in what manner Sebastopol is to be taken. *It is at Warsaw that you can take Sebastopol.*" Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, and the storming of the Malakoff, settled the military question otherwise; but not the political; for mainly, I believe, at the dictation of a power whose latent force and future supremacy was yet undreamed of,—the power of Prussia—we had to patch up a peace to close a nibbling war, and leave the great question in debate for future settlement.

It is easy to laugh at Kossuth's style, as represented in these few disjointed extracts. The modern finical school of critics, whose admiration is a manner of writing "*with form and void*," would condemn it as bombastical. He never spoke a truer sentence than that to the ladies of New York: "It is Eastern blood that runs in my veins." Half his nature was Oriental, his speech almost wholly so. If we compare him with Western precedents, his manner was that of the Elizabethans, among whom he knew Shakespeare almost by heart, and their successors, as Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne, rather than that of John Stuart Mill and other modern

models. His eloquence, running like a great river, was continually overflowing its broad banks. Every quoted sentence of his loses half its impress divorced from its emphatic delivery. Every word I have heard him utter, in private or in public, owed half to the "large utterance" that gave it weight, and the flash of the eye that fired the whole. As an orator, he towered over all his English compeers. I have listened to John Bright at his best, and his speech, never weak or false, yet seemed of limited range compared, for instance, with that of the great oration at Glasgow. "You should have heard him in Hungarian," said his aide de-camp Ihaz, who followed and attended him with the fidelity of a mastiff.

Kossuth's later career has the melancholy of Hannibal's. For ten years he lingered about in England editing papers (*The Atlas* in particular), in whose columns he found free vent for his henceforth revolutionary views, and delivering a series of remarkable historical lectures. Then came his futile effort during the Italian war of 1859 to convert and negotiate with the French Emperor, the rumour of which is said to have frightened the Austrian into the peace of Villa-Franca. In 1861, in response to an appeal of the Austrian Emperor, one hundred thousand Hungarian bank-notes, issued by Kossuth to promote a fresh rebellion, were confiscated. Later, he withdrew to his refuge at Turin, where he died, scorning to the last, and inciting others to scorn, the proffered amnesty of his own and his country's foes. He spent much of his later years in scientific pursuits, and published a pamphlet in German on the change of colour in stars. He often spoke of his career as a failure; but only his fanaticisms, those of a confirmed Irreconcilable, were ineffectual. His great idea prevailed. He lived to see the old *Esterreich* transformed into Austria-Hungary, a dual empire and now, as such, one of the safeguards of Europe.

I have only to add a few personal reminiscences. Being at Turin, on my way home from the Riviera, I ventured to call on Kossuth in the forenoon of Saturday the 12th of April 1890. I sent in my card with some trepidation, for, despite his two visits to the Observatory as my father's guest, I doubted if the old man would remember me. But he remembered everything, and in five minutes "the three-and-thirty years were a mist that rolled away." Age had neither staled the veteran's heart nor marred his memory; he was as full of all interests, as affectionate as when on our parting in London in 1860, where I was then reading for the Bar, he bade me "good speed to the wool-sack!" He was in some purely physical respects comparatively feeble, but by no means in the precarious state that some newspapers had chosen to assign to him. A slight failing in the strength, none in the richness of the voice that once held the reins of the full theatre, and a cough that troubled when he spoke too long, were almost the sole signs of his nearly ninety years.

Our talk rambled over many subjects; much of it was personal on both sides, on mine of no interest. Kossuth spoke of his sons studying medicine at Naples and of his plans to visit them having been often broken by doubts of his strength. He had fixed on Turin, despite its eager heats and colds, as suiting his health and his diminished means, and stayed on till it was too late to move. He spoke of himself as old and in exile and poor, but without bitterness and with a proud defence of his refusal to accept the hospitality of the Hapsburgs. Hugo at Guernsey is a partly parallel case; but the Frenchman lived in his fantastic house in comparative luxury, and Kossuth has done more for Hungary than Victor Hugo ever did for France. We talked especially of histories; some Italian works I forget he highly praised. Kossuth was always an excellent critic of history, and besides

being a master of political philosophy, was familiar with several works of pure metaphysic, with, in particular, much of Hegel. I have more than once heard him say that during his imprisonment in Austria, being allowed a very few books, he chose the Bible, Shakespeare, and an English dictionary. With lighter verse and prose he was less familiar than Mazzini, because he cared less for them.

The event then foremost in my mind was the fall of Bismarck. The ex-Chancellor, said Kossuth, had to his knowledge some half-dozen times played what he called his trump card, and on every occasion won his will from the old King by threats of resignation. At last he tried the trick once too often, and the young lion roared. "Yet," I ventured, "he is a very great man." "You are not quite right," he replied. "You have left out an adjective. He is a very great *German* man; he loves not only himself, he loves his country, that is true; but he cannot look beyond Germany, so there is always something of sauerkraut, something brutal, if not coarse, in his politics." This might have easily opened the controversy between humanitarian philanthropy and national politics that with us takes the place of the old war between poetry and philosophy; but I was there to listen, not to criticise. Despite his partial dissent, Kossuth's own half-way position made him appreciate Bismarck as Mazzini would never have done.

As regards the Emperor, he forestalled what every one was thinking two years later, that William, the successor to the conquests of Moltke and Bismarck, was a young man of remarkable ability, force, zeal, and pride, determined at all hazards to leave a mark, but to what effect remained to be seen. "He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn," is the short Scotch of this part of our discourse. Up to that date Kossuth held that the Emperor had done nothing very original. His reforms pointed

well, but would he conduct them to any decisive close? As yet they had been anticipated in England; our unsolved problems bearing on the ultimate relations of Labour and Capital were hardly touched in Germany. "I grant," said Kossuth, "I know the world is sick, but I do not know how to heal it; if I did, I would be God." On France we barely touched, on "the unspeakable Turk," not at all. Of Mr. Gladstone he spoke positively only on one point, that this Optimus Maximus of our age, as some would call him, did not know his own mind. On the Irish question he was inexplicit, but he appeared to me, with a little hesitancy, to lean to some form of Home Rule, regarding details as belonging to a generation later at least than his own. Most Continental "patriots" have taken a similar view. Is it that they have seen clearer, removed from the mists of our passions and prejudice; or is it that their struggles against despotism have led them to favour any kind of revolt? During our interview Kossuth ventured on a prophecy that, in the present drift of things, Ireland would fifty years hence be "one of the United States." For this concession to "the logic of events" Unionists might thank him; but I set it down among a great man's vagaries, with his attempt to "use" Louis Napoleon,—futile as Bacon's to "amuse" Cecil or cajole Villiers. From long ago I recall several passages of arms on the question between him and my father. "Spain will be the first nation free," said Kossuth in 1854. "Who is conducting the revolt?" asked my father. "O'Donnell." "An Irishman? Then it will come to nothing." Kossuth retired and returned with the remark, "Do you know the meaning, Professor Nichol, of all those myriad constellations you have studied? Is there any star without a purpose and a destiny? Is there any nation?" "I do not say they have no purpose," the astronomer retorted, "only I do not always know it."

Personally, through converse and correspondence, I knew Louis Kossuth and Joseph Mazzini about equally. I first met the latter during the early days of the second French Republic, in a London drawing room along with Louis Blanc overchattering a group of six, and vehement Ledru Rollin. Subsequently we had several arguments, one on the Orsini bombs and assassination, he contending that it was the *ultima ratio populi*, I that it had always miscarried, and been either a desperate resort of anarchy and superstition, as in the cases of James the First of Scotland, and William the Silent, or, in the instance of Caesar, done more harm than good to liberty. The Hungarian and the Italian were alike yet different. Both were dogmatists, and spoke when called on (neither were at any time intrusive) with the air "Ye have heard it said, but I say unto ye." Each was equally confident of having found the truth, and hence perhaps equally tolerant of contradiction. Both were resolute republicans, intolerant of Aulic councils and of kings; both were inspired by political passions that disdained or waived the restraints of prudence. The one was an orator and a statesman, the other a pamphleteer and an apostle. Of the two, Mazzini had the purer gleam, but slightly streaked by fanaticism, as the splendid patriotism of the other was marred by a practical weakness for the diplomacy which he theoretically denounced. Like most men of genius, both were open to imposition, though never to flattery or to fear. Mazzini in his later days was, however, beset if not spoiled by troops of worshippers, to one of whom he was, at our last meeting, declaiming that Mr. Swinburne's mission was to put into verse the history of religion. His relation to the Carlyles was a strange, and on the whole, as Mr. Froude has shown us, a beneficent one. Carlyle's comments on him are not always, though they are often, astray. Mazzini's visits to Cheyne Row became

rarer because the perpetual negations of the Chelsea prophet overvexed his spirit. He was what sentimentalists call "a beautiful soul," a perfervid and magnetic power, swayed by love of sympathy, yet practical enough to have indirectly made a nation. Kossuth was a prouder and more commanding spirit; "the grand style" was his by right. Less perfectly disinterested, personally as well as publicly ambitious, he yet rested in the partial fulfilment of his work. "I have abolished serfdom in my country," he said in 1854; "no one can reverse that." The dual kingdom is even more his creation than united Italy is Mazzini's, for Deak was less essential to the one than Cavour was to the other. In the politics of this century Kossuth, Mazzini, and William Lloyd Garrison represent the side of the truth that Carlyle undervalued or ignored. The grim Scotchman, transferring the religious Calvinism of his parents to his politics, held, and maintained with constantly increasing vehemence, the doctrine that if the masses of men got their deserts few would escape whipping. In the eyes of the panegyrist of Frederick called the Great, revolt was a vice and obedience the chief of virtues. The tyranny most to be feared was that of the many over the few. Aristotle and Plato first gave authority to this creed: long after Kant confirmed it; and later Bismarck and Moltke were its armed soldiers. The preaching of the antagonistic triumphate was on the other side extreme; they trusted too much in the masses of men, and, though perhaps all three would have repudiated it, they formu-

lated premises to the conclusion (against which Milton and Bacon alike protested) that in numbers lies wisdom, that to be poor is to be good, and that empty brains imply a noble heart: a conclusion clenched in the recent endeavour to make education as well as wealth a ground of disenfranchisement.

Of the few great men I have known Longfellow's was the most gracious, Jowett's the wisest, Mazzini's the intensest, Kossuth's the most spacious nature. The two last were not always in perfect accord; the political philosopher and the poetical philanthropist, each fought first, if not for his own hand yet for his own land. On one occasion they nearly quarrelled, and later there was a public scene of reconciliation. But with all the difference and divergence of the Genoese and the Magyar the *Via Mazzini* runs in appropriately close parallel to the *Via dei Mille* in Turin.

The august shades of the two great protagonists more or less dominate, and will long continue to dominate, the future of their respective countries. I venture to conclude by adopting (though perhaps with another application of the close) a sentence of a modern British statesman, always distinguished by his hatred of the oppression of the many by the few in either hemisphere. "They [Kossuth and Mazzini] are to me the two most interesting public figures of the age we have lived in, and the two who can never be forgotten in history, when many reputations now in obtrusively gaudy blossom have fallen pale and withered."

J. NICHOL.